Minneapolis, Minnesota

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1929 No. 3336

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: Nation, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 34, Clifton Gardens, W. 9, London, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

AFTER TEN YEARS of discord the Allied Powers and the German republic have at last come together in regard to war reparations. At this writing Belgium and Germany are still at odds over the indemnity to be paid for the debasement of the Belgian currency, but even if this issue is not settled it is hardly conceivable that it will be allowed to wreck an otherwise acceptable arrangement. We do not know whether the settlement is financially just; we do believe it to be politically expedient. It is more than a financial arrangement; it represents concessions on both sides, and with concessions, reconciliation. Thus the agreement —properly called the Young plan in recognition of the American chairman's unfailing patience and omnipresent tact —is a treaty of peace in a way that the document signed at Versailles failed to be. Already it is said that the Rhineland is to be evacuated by the Allies in the near future, and we hope nothing will prevent this generous and sensible intention. Such action would do much to relieve the last direct cause of friction and would be equally beneficial to the Allies and the Germans.

AS TO THE TERMS of the settlement, they represent a generous paring of claims on the part of the Allies and a frank attempt by Germany to shoulder as large a burden as possible. For thirty-seven years Germany undertakes to pay annuities averaging 2,050,000,000 gold marks (about $492,000,000). The amount for the first full year, April 1, 1930, to April 1, 1931, will be 1,685,000,000 marks (about $404,400,000). Thereafter the annual instalments will increase gradually until they reach a maximum of 2,200,000,000 marks (about $528,000,000). At the end of thirty-seven years the payments will drop to an average of 1,700,000,000 marks (about $408,000,000) annually, continuing thus until the fifty-ninth year has been reached, when they will cease. The immediate, discounted value of the payments is estimated at a little less than $9,000,000,000, as compared with the $10,000,000,000 which the Allies asked earlier in the conference. To our mind the best part of the arrangement is that after the thirty-seventh year all the payments are calculated solely with a view to satisfying the Allied debts to the United States. This will put upon America the unique responsibility of exacting this toll during the last twenty-two years. We have no idea that the United States will want to insist so long on its pound of flesh.

AT LEAST ONE worth-while piece of legislation will come from the present session of Congress, for the reapportionment bill passed the Senate on May 29 and its passage by the House is assured. The grotesque inequalities of representation, described in *The Nation* of December 19, will be remedied after the census of 1930, and after every subsequent decennial census a readjustment of representation according to population will take place automatically if Congress fails to act. If snails, tortoises, and molasses in January seem swift compared with a Congress which took nine years to obey the Constitution and reapportion its own membership, we can view the delay with some equanimity because no great social injustice was done. For the seven-years' delay in the government development of Muscle Shoals there is no such mitigating allowance. The people's investment of $140,000,000 in this project is still largely wasted at a time when we need cheap power. The Supreme Court's recent decision in the Okanogan Indian case confirms President Coolidge's pocket veto of the Norris Muscle Shoals bill by legalizing pocket vetoes at the end of any Congressional session. Now the whole battle of Muscle Shoals must be fought over again. Fortunately both houses of Congress seem favorable to the Norris plan of government development which they formerly approved, and perhaps the rugged

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individualism of Republican Hoover will yield enough to Engineer Hoover's hatred of waste to permit a Presidential signature on the bill when it finally comes before him.

OF ALL THE JOKES that have come to our attention of late the richest is the recent speech of Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, reading out of the Republican Party the dozen insurgent Republican Senators who have refused to vote as his new employer, Mr. Hoover, wishes. "How," he asks, "can we expect to get orderly government when there is no political order?" This from the great-grandson of John Quincy Adams, the grandson of the first Charles Francis Adams, and the son of Charles Francis Adams, Mugwump and bolter from the Republican Party whenever his conscience dictated it! If this does not make the gods on Olympus rock on their seats what could? That noble "Old Man Eloquent," John Quincy Adams, never stopped to inquire what his party leaders wished him to do when it came to the question of introducing petitions for the abolition of slavery, especially in the District of Columbia. If ever there was a man to disturb serene party regularity in Congress, it was he. Never was a man so scorned as a disturber of legislative traffic. And as for the first Charles Francis Adams, he "jumped the reservation" again and again. He was charged with wishing even to dissolve the Union if it annexed the State of Texas! Now he must be turning in his grave at the spectacle of such a conforming grandson and namesake. Please will not somebody hand to the Secretary of the Navy a history of the United States, and a history of the Adams family of Massachusetts?

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S NOMINATION of Joseph Parker Cotton as Under Secretary of State has aroused some justified criticism because of his having been a partner of William Gibbs McAdoo and as such having represented the Doheny oil interests before the Department of State in the course of our difficulties with Mexico. While we sincerely regret that Mr. Cotton ever took a retainer from a man of this type, the appointment seems to us none the less an admirable one. Mr. Cotton has been known to us these many years as an exceptionally able and high-minded man, whose record during the war as a subordinate to Mr. Hoover, a member of the legal staff of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, a member of the extremely important Inter-Allied Finance Council, and other organizations, was of the best. He has also been consulting counsel for the Federal Reserve Board and to the New York State Commission on Workmen's Compensation. Of distinctly liberal tendencies —as far as a distinguished corporation lawyer gives rein to them—he supported Roosevelt in 1912 and has associated himself with such educational experiments as Antioch College and the new Bennington College for Women.

AFTER ALL Representative Michaelson's trunk did not shed its blood in vain on the railway platform at Jacksonville, nor did the customs inspectors who accused Representative Morgan of bringing in something stronger than ginger pop fail in service to their country. The customs inspectors neglected to impound the suspected bottles in Mr. Morgan's luggage, and so had no evidence. Mr. Michaelson was acquitted by a jury, if not by public opinion, because he said the leaky trunk he brought back from Cuba belonged to his brother-in-law, although he didn't explai what right he had to bring into the country as his own, an duty free, another man's belongings. But if both Repr sentatives Morgan and Michaelson have escaped with notl ing more than a little annoying notoriety, the abuses whic the charges against them exposed are to be curtailed—ten porarily at least. The Treasury Department has issued a order limiting the privilege of "immediate attention" in th inspection of travelers' luggage—a kind of favoritism tha has been obtained by hundreds—to a few specified situation In New York the Collector of the Port, Philip Eltinge, ha done still better, announcing the abolition of "free entry except for foreign diplomats. There has never been an justification in law for this exemption of Congressmen (an others) from the provisions of their own tariff legislatior It has been a bit of that servile kotowing to "distinguishe persons" which democracies, more than any other sort c government, find it hard to resist.

A SPECIAL REVIEW and all the military honor which could be offered to a field marshal or king hav just been accorded at West Point to President Green an five vice-presidents of the American Federation of Labor. was the first time that such official honors were ever given t the head of the federation, and as a special mark of distinc tion all punishments of cadets then going on were remitte for a period of two weeks—something that had not happene since the visit of Queen Marie. There was a gala luncheon and after all the military exercises the day wound up witl an address by Mr. Green. He thoroughly earned by tha speech the honors given him. "We believe," he said, "it i inconceivable that our country should ever engage in ai aggressive war. We believe in adequate national defense an in adequate preparedness against aggression or against at tack." He then reiterated the federation's support of th Citizens' Military Training Corps, saying that labor woul continue "to give this patriotic movement a full measure o support." What a pity that no one has ever told Mr. Gree about the aggression of the Mexican War and the Spanis War, and how we conquered the Philippines! Only on note must have made an unpleasant impression. Mr. Gree did ask the government to refrain from using the militar forces "in support of unreasonable employers," thereby leav ing the door open to their use where the employers are quit or completely reasonable. True, he said that he did no think that State or federal troops should ever be used fo the purpose of protecting strike-breakers, but he hastily adde that he was, of course, opposed to all Communists and al forms of lawlessness. It was a great day for everybody, an we earnestly urge that the commandant of West Point Major General W. R. Smith, be promoted one grade fo this superbly successful piece of militaristic propaganda.

DOUBLE CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. and Mrs Lindbergh! First upon their marriage; second upo their having so cleverly eluded the horde of reporters wh had dogged their footsteps ever since the announcement o their engagement. Our metropolitan press, with its boas that nothing can be concealed from it, is left looking supremely silly. But it is more than that. It is agai revealed as being, in its infringement of the right of privacy supremely unmannerly. The reporters we hold least t

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lame, though even they ought to be ashamed of their part i the abasement of their profession. What we cannot un-erstand is how people of as ordinarily decent conduct as alph Pulitzer, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Reid, and Adolph)chs lend themselves to this sort of thing. The excuses that iey give—that Lindbergh is a national figure, that there-)re the public is entitled to news of him, and that if their ewspapers do not print the news others will—are quite miliar to us. They do not hold water. While the better apers are less objectionable than the New York *Daily News* nd the New York *Evening Graphic*—which latter printed picture of the cabin on the yacht in which it boldly asserted ie Lindberghs were honeymooning—it is only a matter of egree. The press of no other country sinks to such depths f unblushing vulgarity and exploitation.

[N THIS CONNECTION we must dissent vigorously from the remarks by our Washington contributor, Paul . Anderson, as to President Hoover in our issue of May 9. Mr. Anderson insists that "pitiless publicity is one of ie burdens which go with the Presidency and properly so." The President," he adds, "should place public anxiety above is personal convenience." This is superficial reasoning. While we agree to pitiless publicity for all official acts of the resident, we insist that any public official still has the right) privacy and private life when not actually on official duty, nd that that privacy should be rigidly respected unless the residency is to be made a torture to any sensitive or decent-eling person. Any incumbent needs rest and quiet if he is) conserve his strength and do good work. As for "public nxiety," who of the public is anxious, or has the slightest ght to be anxious, if the President goes to the country for Saturday? We don't believe that anybody is except those)py-chasers who would like to play it up on their front pages Mr. Hoover should fall into a brook and wet his feet.

REMARKABLY GOOD NEWS comes from London in regard to the new international safety code just gned by the delegates of eighteen maritime nations who ave been attending the Conference on the Safety of Life at ea. Unlike other international conferences this one has een harmonious from the beginning, despite great technical ifficulties, and the result is a remarkable advance along arious lines. Thus, every ship above 2,000 tons must here-fter carry a wireless outfit and a competent operator, and is to be in the hands of each separate government to extend iis rule to ships of 1,600 tons. All the direct dangers of avigation will hereafter have to be communicated by each iip to all concerned, notably weather reports, and the sign-ig nations agree to cooperate in collecting meteoro-)gical information systematically. The ice patrol is to be arried on as heretofore under the direction of the United tates. Important rules have been made as to ships' lights nd signals, especially new fog signals. Direction-finding)paratus is made compulsory on all passenger ships of 5,000)ns or more, and there is a new status for cargo boats which lso carry from twelve to fifty passengers. The lessons of ie Vestris disaster have been heeded in the regulations in egard to doors and bulkheads, piping arrangements, etc. inally every ship must hereafter carry life-boat space for very passenger on board—something that should have been rdered immediately after the sinking of the Titanic.

Mr. Hoover Moves Toward Peace

HIGHLY encouraging are President Hoover's Memorial Day speech, Secretary Stimson's clear statement as to the burden upon all Americans of the naval program, and the press reports that the President is determined to move at once for genuine disarmament—he forfeited his Sunday holiday (June 2) in order to work on the problem. We could not deny, if we would, that there were in his Arlington address some of those weasel words with which every American statesman finds it necessary to embellish his sentiments whenever he ventures timidly toward peace. In the presence of so many veterans, Mr. Hoover found it necessary to repeat the old falsehoods that our armaments are merely for defense; that we must have a "just preparedness for the protection of our peoples," as if we had not lived more than a century of our national life in happiness and safety with no preparedness at all.

But we have no desire today to dwell upon the weaknesses and compromises of Mr. Hoover's speech. We are far too grateful for the numerous evidences that he is awake to his greatest opportunity to serve his country to cavil at any part of its expression. We are especially gratified by the statement of Secretary Stimson, commenting upon the Budget Director's certification that we Americans are obligated now—though building no battleships—to pay $1,170,800,000 for new naval vessels, among them the fifteen new cruisers which were voted last winter and are now rendered obsolete by the epoch-making new cruisers which Germany is to build. When before did a Secretary of State comment upon the wastefulness of our naval building program? And when did any Cabinet officer discuss this subject with special reference to the fact that if we go ahead with our program "other nations will be impelled to follow suit," and therefore "the burden of unproductive expenditures which will be imposed upon the economic world during the next fifteen years can be to a certain extent realized"?

Remarkable as this is, even more striking is Mr. Hoover's dwelling upon the point which we have sought to stress ever since the Kellogg peace pact was signed:

> Despite the declarations of the Kellogg pact, every important country has since the signing of that agreement been engaged in strengthening its naval arm. We are still borne on the tide of competitive building. . . . Fear and suspicion will never slacken unless we can halt competitive construction of arms. They will never disappear until we can turn this tide toward actual reduction.

No one else in official life has gone so far as to point out that our sincerity and that of every other nation which has signed the Kellogg pact is to be tested by our readiness to give concrete proof of disarmament; that we mean what we say; that our nation's signature is something better than a dicer's oath. With the Labor Party at the helm in England the hour is more auspicious than ever before. So we are sure that every American who believes in peace and abhors war will set himself to upholding the President's hand. We trust that the White House will be deluged with telegrams of congratulation and praise from all over the country.

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A Glorious Victory for Labor

THAT is what the success of the British Labor Party is—a glorious victory not only for the party of progress in Great Britain but for progressives all over the world. There is not a true liberal anywhere whose pulses were not quickened as he read of this tremendous achievement of a workingman's party which twenty-nine years ago held only two seats in Parliament. Despite discouragement, despite defeats, despite the World War with its baneful influence upon all liberal causes and humanitarian impulses, British Labor has gone on triumphantly. If it failed to achieve a complete majority over all other parties, it leads the Conservatives at this writing by 32 seats, and emerges the leading group in Great Britain so far as Parliament is concerned. The Conservatives piled up a larger aggregate of votes and the total of the Liberals' poll is far out of proportion to the small number of seats they captured. None the less, Labor won the so-called "flapper vote" and has beaten the inefficient and militaristic Conservative Ministry, with its cowardly slogan of "Safety First." It has done this under the leadership of Ramsay MacDonald, the man who refused to uphold his country when it went to war in 1914 and was then overwhelmed with charges of cowardly pacifism and pro-Germanism—as fell to the lot of every man who at that time kept his sanity intact and his soul clean.

This election achievement is so colossal that we confess to be little moved by the press gossip that Labor cannot hold its dominance long, that Lloyd George will impose his will since the Liberals hold the balance of power, etc., etc. Stuff and nonsense! The last man, we believe, to strike a bargain with a man as unprincipled as Lloyd George is Ramsay MacDonald. A working arrangement is, of course, possible if a few advanced Liberals decide to cooperate. Whatever happens, the moral influence of that astounding Labor vote is not to be dimmed—even if the new MacDonald Ministry should be short-lived. Before the election all the American journalists in London were assuring us that it was the dullest and most apathetic of contests, entirely destitute of issues. Yet more than 80 per cent of the electorate voted, defeating a dozen members of the Government, nearly unseating Austen Chamberlain, the arch-architect of the Conservative disaster, and writing for all the world to read its opinion that the Baldwin Ministry was a failure to be scrapped as soon as possible. Was not that enough for one election day?

Especially for the United States is this victory of enormous importance. If Americans in official life were wise, the Star-Spangled Banner would be fluttering from all our public buildings today. In honor of a foreign political happening? Yes, in honor of a foreign political event. For this insures a revolution—whether brief or long—in the relations between the United States and Great Britain. Our distinguished contributor, Ramsay MacDonald, himself has written in these columns (January 30, 1929) of his belief that under Baldwin rule the relations of the two countries were going from bad to worse. In almost his final campaign speech he denounced the instructions given to Lord Cushendun by Mr. Baldwin to support at Geneva only such resolutions as received support from the League of Nations. He asked:

> Is that an attitude worthy of a nation of the first rank? We do nothing, we have no ideas, we take no initiative, but if anyone else points the way we will be satisfied to follow. . . . In the great crusade for the peace of the world I think my country should not trail, but should lead. If I come to power I will make an international appeal, fair to France, fair to America, fair to ourselves. . . . We shall place our flag on the front lines. In the event of any such proposal as that made by the American delegate, the English delegate will give his entire and complete support.

And he wound up by declaring that the situation in the world "is very serious" and cannot be solved by a mere policy of marking time.

No wonder that Mr. Hoover has been quick to move now that Mr. MacDonald is certain to be the next Prime Minister. This fact alone would make the Labor victory memorable. But from Germany, Austria, Russia, from all over the world, has come the recognition that Ramsay MacDonald, we think, cares most for—an expression of belief that he will rule not as a narrow, nationalistic British statesman, but as one supremely conscious of the duty he owes to all the world. "Make no mistake about it, it is not going to be all beer and skittles, especially for me," said Mr. MacDonald after the victory. "You have finished the fight. I am afraid I am only beginning to bear the burden, but I will do it cheerfully." He spoke correctly; an almost overpowering responsibility will rest upon his shoulders. If his government does not achieve radical reforms at home, no amount of success in foreign affairs will save him from being turned out even as he has defeated Stanley Baldwin.

Never was there a greater call for a determined onslaught upon the intrenchments of special privilege. We do not refer to the cry of "Socialism in our day." We do say that if the radicals are to justify themselves as a party of progress, initiative, courage, and creative capacity, now is the time to begin. Better to go down to Parliamentary defeat promptly than to hold to office by trying too few, and too low, hurdles. It will not be an easy group to handle his 287 members in the House. The temptation to compromise will steadily confront him. But if he is to succeed he must take his courage in both hands and insist on action upon some vital domestic issues as well as upon international disarmament. The nationalization of the coal industry, perhaps of the railroads; a general reorganization of industry; decent housing for England's workers; modernized education; a solution of the unemployment problem—these are but a few of the issues which Mr. Baldwin sidestepped that cry out for action, action by brave men determined to carve out a better world.

Failure is, we believe, unthinkable if Ramsay MacDonald keeps his health, if he will keep himself free for the big issues. He will, we are sure, be both sobered and sustained by the knowledge that the hopes and fears of progressives everywhere are bound up in his success.

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Treason to Conscience

THAT is what the Supreme Court of the United States was guilty of in its denial of American citizenship to Rosika Schwimmer because of her refusal bear arms. Treason to conscience—we do not know of a ore dangerous offense. For what this decision means is at another step has been taken to rivet upon the individual e authority and chains of the state. Already the demands ade by the state upon the individual are such as to have ade multitudes exclaim: "The enemy *is* the state." Now e Supreme Court has laid down the law that one cannot come a citizen of this country without swearing to take up ms in defense of the country.

In every war this country has waged some Americans ve refused to bear arms. Americans simply will not give the right to abide by their consciences whenever there mes a war. The State of Massachusetts was but one of a mber to protest against the annexation of Texas and the famous war upon Mexico which great multitudes of Americans knew to be merely cold-blooded murder in the interest the extension of slavery. The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery ciety in 1847 declared that the triumphs of the American mies are "the triumphs of cruelty, of injustice, of oppression"; our soldiers were "a piratical horde of banditti." braham Lincoln himself protested on the floor of the House Representatives. Does the Supreme Court of the United ates believe that the time will ever come when Americans ce these will put their consciences in pawn when their souls y out against a national wrong—that they will do violence their inmost being by bearing arms?

No wonder that Justice Holmes in his admirable dinting opinion sarcastically remarks that he has not hitherto pposed "that we regretted our inability to expel" the muludes of Americans who hold the pacifist beliefs of Mrs. hwimmer, including the Quakers, "because they believe more an some of us do in the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount." There spoke the true American—he who was once captain of Massachusetts infantry and still bears upon his dy the scars of the wounds received at Ball's Bluff and ntietam. Justice Brandeis signed the same opinion while stice Sanford also dissented from the majority decision. stice Holmes declared that Mrs. Schwimmer held none of he now-dreaded creeds" and seemed to be

> a woman of superior character and intelligence, obviously more than ordinarily desirable as a citizen of the United States. . . . Some of her answers might excite popular prejudice, but if there is any principle in the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom of thought for the thought that we hate. I think that we should adhere to that principle with regard to admission into as well as to life within this country.

Golden and glorious words! They are from the old arter of our liberties and beliefs and they should be inribed upon the portal of every post office, every governent building in the land. But Justice Butler, former law rtner of Attorney General William D. Mitchell—who as licitor General determined that the government should appeal from the decision of the three judges of the Circuit Court of Appeals who held that Mrs. Schwimmer should be admitted—supported his ex-partner's contention. We doubt very much whether a similar decision would be taken by any other government except those controlled by despots and reactionaries. We are glad that Representative Griffin of New York has introduced a bill making it impossible for any person "mentally, morally, and otherwise qualified, to be debarred from citizenship by reason of his or her religious views or philosophical opinions with respect to the lawfulness of war as a means of settling international disputes." There speaks the old American spirit.

As for Mrs. Schwimmer, we can only tender her our most profound regret. We can only hope that she will be allowed to remain in this country and to continue to give her support to liberal and moral causes and that she will soon see this monstrous and disgraceful decision overruled and set aside, just as the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court of the United States was wiped out by the progress of events. We believe that this decision puts an indelible stain of disloyalty to American precedents, principles, and ideals upon the names of William Howard Taft, Justice Butler, and every one of the judges who laid down this doctrine that no one can enter the citizenship of this country who sets his fealty to the "Thou Shalt Not Kill" of Jesus Christ and the Commandments above allegiance to any temporal or passing Power.

Alice Stopford Green

A NOBLE and heroic woman died in Dublin on May 29. Alice Stopford Green, a member of the Irish Senate, was the widow of the great historian John Richard Green, whose history of the people of England is known of all students. But Mrs. Green never shone by the reflected light of her husband's greatness. She was herself an extraordinary personality, an historian, a writer of distinction, an ardent champion of liberty—in other words, a great soul. *The Nation,* which was at one time honored by contributions from her pen, cannot let this distinguished Irish woman pass from the scene of her greatest activities without recording its gratitude and its sense of loss. Among her books stand out "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century," "The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing," and "Woman's Place in the World of Letters." As a pamphleteer her pen was prolific as became so earnest and so true an Irish patriot. During the darkest days of the Irish struggle her house was the rendezvous of men and women in every walk of life. But as to this phase we prefer to let another speak. We take this passage from the book of her friend, Henry W. Nevinson, "More Changes, More Chances":

> When first I began to know her, she was living in Westminster overlooking the river, and at her dinners and receptions I found gathered various persons of distinction —statesmen of both parties, like Mr. Arthur Balfour, Sir Antony MacDonnell, and Mr. Augustine Birrell; champions of human freedom like E. D. Morel; writers, especially young Irish writers, like Padriac Colum and Robert Lynd. There she sat in our midst, queenly, Elizabethan, already white-haired and aging, though still, happily, to

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live so many years; dominating us all by knowledge, wit, and courteous encouragement to shy people like myself; but at heart remaining very simple, and, above all, very humorous. She often reminded me of the famous women who used to pull the strings of state a hundred years ago, and undoubtedly she enjoyed her position and her power. All the greater honor was due to her when, in the middle of the Great War, she quietly left the scene of influence and authority and withdrew to her own land to watch from St. Stephen's Green, giving her aid in the troubled course of Irish history, exposed to every danger, harried and raided by Black-and-Tans and the ex-officers and ex-gentlemen known as "Auxiliaries," her house repeatedly searched, her books, documents, and historical manuscripts carted about in army lorries, lost, confused, or hurled back to her door with every discourtesy. Yet whenever I met her in Dublin throughout those terrible years, I found her retaining the good sense, the humor, and the irrepressible gaiety which I had known in Westminster at the height of her social power.

But fine as she always was, she rose to an unimagined greatness when we sat together, with Gertrude Bannister and a few others, on the night before the English Government hanged my friend Roger Casement (August 3, 1916). We had done all that men and women could do, and all had been in vain. We might have saved him from the last ghastly scene on the scaffold had not the law officers of the Crown, in their craving for his death, privately circulated passages reported to be extracts from his diary, which, whether genuine or forgeries, had no connection whatever with his alleged guilt of treason against a country to which he had long since ceased to acknowledge any allegiance. On the morning after the execution, the *Times* acknowledged this atrocious perversion of justice—a notable example of the truth that procrastination is the thief of other people's time. But as all had been in vain, we sat with Mrs. Green through the night, and while he in his cell was watching for the dawn of his death, she continued to speak to us of life and of death with a courage and a wisdom beyond all that I have known. It was as though we were listening to the discourse of Socrates in the hours before his own execution. So profoundly wise she was, so cheerful and so humorous through it all.

Fifty-six to One

BEFORE the Senate Committee on Manufactures during its preliminary hearing on the Southern textile strikes appeared a soft-spoken, kindly faced Southern gentleman, Augustus W. Smith, president of the Brandon Corporation of Greenville, South Carolina, who had come to give testimony concerning the leaderless strikes against the stretch-out system in his cotton mills. His voice vibrating with pride, he told of the life in his mill village. He owned all the houses and charged only ninety cents per room per month for them; occasionally he provided a bathroom; he plowed the vegetable gardens for his people. He paid his workers an average wage of $16.55 a week, worked them only fifty-five hours, and gave them credit at his company stores. He provided Methodist and Baptist churches and paid half of the preachers' salaries. His general superintendent taught a big Bible class.

Then came the cross-examination and the testimony of other witnesses. The weavers in Mr. Smith's mills had had the number of their looms doubled with very little increa in pay. Mr. Smith's salary is $37,000 a year; the averag earnings of cotton-mill workers in South Carolina are $12.6 a week—and all signs point to the fact that Mr. Smith workers are paid no more than the average. So it woul take a South Carolina cotton-mill worker fifty-six years t earn what Mr. Smith gets in one year; and that ratio o fifty-six to one tells only a part of the story, for Mr. Smit is an owner as well as the president of his mills and his stoc has been paying good dividends. He maintained that th minimum wage in his plant was $11 a week, whereupon h was confronted with the real name and address of "Glady Caldwell," one of his employees, whose struggle to live o forty-six cents a day was told in *The Nation* of May 15 an whose full-time wages are $9.95 a week.

That the Southern strikes were only symptoms of fundamental maladjustment was proved by the econom facts presented to the Senate committee by a member of *Th Nation* staff. Since 1920, while the hours of labor in othe industries have been going down, the working hours in co ton mills have increased 3 per cent. Simultaneously the ave age wages have decreased 30 per cent. Deductions from th latest (unpublished) figures of the Census of Manufactur for 1927 show that Southern cotton-mill workers hav weekly earnings of $12.83, about one-half of the averag wage in American manufacturing, while they are compelle to work longer hours than any other factory workers. Th tariff on cotton goods is so high that no possible pretext o competition from cheap labor abroad can serve as an excus for these depressed standards.

For years the Southern manufacturers have sought t defend their low wage scales by declaring that the lower co of living for their workers more than outbalances the diffe ence in wage scales in North and South. That this clai is purely rhetorical was revealed by a study of the Nationa Industrial Conference Board which estimated that the co of living in Southern mill villages is higher than in Norther mill towns. The Southern cotton manufacturer pays to h worker in the form of village philanthropy about $1.60 week that the Northern manufacturer does not pay to h employee, but the Southern employer still has a net cas advantage of $4.73 per worker per week over his New Eng land competitor because his gross advantage in wages $6.33 a week. The rayon workers are somewhat better o than the cotton-mill workers, but the wages in the ne Southern rayon mills are $4 a week below the Norther average.

These are facts which Congress has no right to ignor How often have the cotton manufacturers come before tari committees and begged with tears in their voices for a tari on cotton goods that would benefit their workers—and the proceeded to pay the lowest wages and work their employe the longest hours in American manufacturing. Now th workers have begun to speak for themselves. They want thorough investigation of the whole industry by a Senat committee which shall have power to subpoena witnesse examine books, and observe the enforcement of labor law Senators La Follette and Wheeler and a minority of th Committee on Manufactures are fighting for this investiga tion on the floor of the Senate, and every believer in a decen standard of living for American workers will wish ther success.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

AS age creeps on and on I have begun to worry about the fact that journalists are seldom loved. I mean by those who read their efforts. There is something f endearment in such terms as "veteran actor," "venerable ergyman," "aged bard," but the phrase "old newspaper- ıan" has in it a tinge of contempt. The whole implication of a certain slackness and seediness. The adjective "tire- ›me" seems to lurk not farther away than just around the ›rner. The requirements for journalists should be some- hat mitigated. Nobody ever held it against Booth that he layed Hamlet many times, and when a preacher plucks a ›rmon out from the barrel in his study the congregation stens with the same attention as to a brand new discourse. illy Sunday has quips which are a regular part of the reper- ›ire, and he has saved many souls with twice-told tales. ven in the universities where notoriously high ethics prevail is not unknown for a professor to keep a favorite joke on ınd year after year and spring it for each succeeding class f freshmen.

But let a journalist grow auto-plagiaristic and he will nd himself assailed by that noxious alliance of folk with ›ng memories and others who save clippings. Is there any ıstice in this? There is not. They say in accusation gainst authors who deal with things ephemeral that they re trivial fellows whose vagrant words will line the pantry ıelves upon the morrow. And yet if any one of us rebels gainst interment with the soup and jams and tries to make good piece serve a second time he straightway becomes a ıscal intent upon gaining money through deception.

In other arts there is no barrier against returning to ımiliar pastures. Musicians hit keys which they have known efore and recreate old rapture among idolators. Certain ainters of undoubted fame have toyed with the same theme ıany times. And surely no one would complain if Rudyard ipling were to return to his earlier manner. But we, pity s, we must strike out each day or week upon some trail here white men have not set foot before.

It seems to me that journalism suffers from a lack of epetitiousness. No man can espouse more than a limited umber of good causes, and these are never won. Surely no ıan should be condemned if he made it a practice to plead ›r free speech on alternate Thursdays throughout the year ven if he had to polish up a few well-thumbed points in rder to make his case. I take great interest in books by ıen who went to war. Each new indictment fills me with he hope that perhaps some breach has been made in the itadel of preparedness. And yet I do not find that every ew author has a mine of information never before revealed y any commentator. The world in general holds that re- ›rmers are somewhat boresome because they hammer on ›me favorite theme. But it must be admitted that the chil- ren of darkness are a tenacious and courageous army.

People with memories and clippings ought to remember hat they are in a vast minority. The world as a rule for- ets. If I myself cannot remember that I said the same hing once before, how can many others be expected to recall hat the thought is making a second appearance? In fact I am much revived upon occasion by looking through the files, for at times I am moved to say: "When I wrote that I was in fine form." Occasionally I even pay myself the greater compliment of idling through some old clipping and remarking: "The fellow who did that has real talent and should in time go far."

Out of an envelope, yesterday, there fluttered a yellowed bit of newsprint dated September 9, 1925. I found it an excellent essay upon the nature of beauty, seemingly suggested by the fact that a certain Fay Lanphier had won a contest at Atlantic City. "The current Miss America," the shrewd reporter said, "seems to me more dazzling than any of her predecessors. But 'dazzling' is not precisely the word I want. By the token of their pictures many others were that. Indeed their beauty was so palpable that it was just a shade forbidding. It fell into that school which might be known as 'glazed Gorgon.'" A little further down there was something about "determined loveliness" and the fact that "a girl may commit herself so violently to a countenance that regression or development is equally impossible."

"How true!" I said. "How neatly put!" and then I saw the signature and went completely scarlet. But this is a false modesty and I should make it no concessions. If by any chance there exist as many as two or three who read the works of Broun for profit or pleasure, why should I not frankly ally myself with that courageous company? Nor should we apologize for our lack of numbers, but rather glory in exclusiveness and call it discernment. Didn't I just read that a professor at Massachusetts Institute of Technology told the boys to be snobs since success lay in that direction?

Besides I think it is a fascinating speculation to wonder what did become of Miss Lanphier who won the championship and became Miss America for 1925. What do all the prize-winning beauties do after they have received their silver cups and settled down? If I am ever a managing editor I shall promote revivals in news stories. Each public character has his little moment in the limelight and then steps down. I'd have them shadowed. For instance, a year or so ago the *American Magazine* discovered the average man. His name I have forgotten, but I remember that he lived in Iowa. His distinction made him first-page news for a week. The Chicago *Tribune* brought him on to serve as an exhibit. But what of him now? Is he still the average man, or did publicity spoil him? Perhaps he buttonholes all who pass by and tries to convince them with tears in his eyes that he is just as average as ever in spite of the pictures which were printed in the papers.

And there was a eugenic baby. Can he walk? Can he talk? Has he got a tooth? Unless this aging intellect deceives me a man went over Niagara Falls in a huge rubber ball. He lived, but how and where? Is there any future in the business? And there was Fuller of Massachusetts and Webster Thayer and a Lowell. Are these men well and happy? Have they adequate employment, and do they sleep sound of nights and never toss because dreams come which are disturbing?

HEYWOOD BROUN

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What Is to Happen to Germany?

By KARL F. GEISER

Stuttgart, Germany, April 30

FROM the articles that have appeared in the American press on the recovery of Germany during the last ten years there is grave danger that the American public will form an opinion about Germany's future that is not warranted by the facts. There is perhaps no country in the world where the masses, who now at least in theory govern the state, follow the leaders of thought as much as they do in Germany and where the newspapers are so largely devoid of sensation and devoted to the discussion of political and economic problems. It is therefore fairly safe to assume that if one speaks the language, talks with all classes, confers with leaders, and reads the current literature, one will have a more accurate index of conditions than could be obtained in a touring car, a theater, or a hotel patronized largely by Americans, or even by reading a report of an expert commission. Those who think that international conferences, sitting in London or Paris, can by legal fiat or political mechanism change the economic currents that flow between states, disregard the historical and social forces that control human relations.

American optimism about Germany is not entirely explained by a failure to recognize the distinction between the progress of the last ten years and the more difficult problems that face the future, but rather by the fact that most Americans who form an opinion about Germany, not knowing the background, think in terms of their own environment and therefore generally think wrong. How deeply the wrongs of the treaty, the literature to perpetuate race hatred, the blockade, and the American seizure of private property in violation of a specific treaty and the rules of law struck into the thought and life of the German people, seems little appreciated in America. And, since a more favorable attitude of the world toward Germany has set in, it is perhaps not strange for America to feel that Germany has no longer a moral claim to a further change in the scales of justice.

But here is where the two peoples differ. The American conscience may be satisfied with the report that the private claims of German citizens against our government have recently been "adjusted," but if you offer this explanation to a well-informed German he will tell you that whereas Senator Borah was in favor of paying the claims in full when first presented no action was taken by Congress until suits were instituted, and it was only after years of debate and petty haggling that some of the claims were settled far below their actual value, while others were not, and never will be, fully compensated. For example, a Stuttgart dye-manufacturing company was forced to give up its New York factory at 80 per cent of its admitted value, while for its trade-mark, a most valuable asset, it received nothing. Yet the director of this company considers himself very fortunate that, dealing with America, he recovered so much. But the private claims of German citizens to property confiscated by America constitute only one of the minor strains upon the international family tie. The greatest blow to the greatest German industry, and therefore to German recovery, was not dealt by her European enemies but by America in th part she played in the post-war destruction of the Germa merchant marine, a sordid story too long to enter upon her And the most serious aspect of this whole affair is not th immediate loss of property nor even the ruin of thousands c small industries—incidentally responsible for the 2,300,00 unemployed workers at the present time—but the fact tha the American public generally is under the impression tha German claims have been adjusted and that German recov ery is assured. Neither is unconditionally true. In the cas of the Stuttgart dye manufacturer 20 per cent of the valu of the factory and 100 per cent of the value of the trade mark are considered by the Germans as plain theft.

This is not a distorted statement of what the averag German thinks. He submits because he is defeated, and hi official spokesman ratifies pacts, conventions, treaties, an agreements, though manifestly unjust, because he is more co cerned with the welfare of his people than with his ow honor; but let no one think that the Germans are unawar of what is being done or that they will long continue to en dure the terms imposed by the treaty-makers at Versailles The injustice of that treaty has been so frequently con demned that it is now generally recognized by the world a large; but one must live for a time in Germany to appreciat the unescapable effects of its iniquity: how at every turn i oppresses, discourages, blights the spirit, and bears with un failing certainty upon all classes of society. That it has sur vived a decade is a monument alike to the crafty genius an to the folly of modern diplomacy.

The Germans understand perfectly why intolerable con ditions were imposed upon them: when the new law o Europe was written, the mad juggernaut of Unreason rolle over Paris and crushed the faint cries of the liberals in th wilderness. All this is clear to them; but they cannot under stand why the present state of affairs is being continued. I my judgment there is one primary explanation, and not th one that is usually given—that Germany cannot help herself She could at least change the order; she knows that there i no danger to Germany apart from a danger to Europe. On of the leading political and economic thinkers of German told the writer of these lines that every thoughtful Germa was a good European, international in the best sense of th term, and recognized the economic solidarity of Europe Germany knows that if the whole structure of Europe is t be wrecked and rebuilt upon new foundations, the sobe thought and discipline of her own people would be likely t give her a more favored and secure place in the sun, whil some of the states to whom she is now paying tribute migh find their new affinity in silence and cold. But the typica German is not revolutionary, at least not in the violent sense his method is reasoned progress, and though the last decad has given him a halting skepticism, he still believes in th redemptive power of mankind.

No, in the opinion of the German leaders the reaso for continued bondage lies not in her own impotence—Ger many has always been willing to work; nor in the handicap

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placed upon her by her neighbors—she doubts if they could do otherwise; but in the fact that, in spite of its "experts," "advisers," and "unofficial observers," America does not understand Germany, either economically, politically, or psychologically. She does not realize the economic distress, the political uncertainty of the parliamentary system, the pessimistic and seemingly hopeless prospect voiced by representatives of every class, except occasionally by an international banker. As a result there is a general unwillingness to begin new enterprises, a tendency among the working classes to spend their hard-earned income in useless trifles and fleeting pleasures; "because," they say, "if we don't the Allies will get it in the form of reparations"; nor do the "experts" seem to have been fully aware of the need of capital for new equipment in nearly all industrial plants, or the difficulty of beginning new enterprises on capital borrowed at 10 per cent on a first mortgage; in determining the amount of tribute that Germany must pay, there was no account taken of the fact that the entire capital which had sustained her great system of social welfare was swept away and must now be supported by taxation, and that this tax falls with double weight because the profits which might have accrued to the state from the greatest industrial concern, the railways, now flow into the reparations account. It is not difficult to understand why the young men of Germany are no longer seeking political appointments, for these are merely some of the problems that are imposed from without; from within the official faces another broadside of complaints: the distress of the farmer, the worry of the shopkeeper, the discouragement of the builder, the neglect of the artist. Private enterprise, except that which is financed or entirely owned by foreign capitalists, is almost paralyzed because the small capitalist finds it more profitable, at the present money rate, to place his savings at interest, than to apply them to the development of new enterprises that would otherwise give employment to labor. The savings-bank statistics are, therefore, absolutely worthless as an index to Germany's social welfare. One may sum up the whole situation by saying that the entire amount that was formerly devoted to what the Germans call the "spiritual and cultural life," that is, to the enjoyment of life in the best sense, is now paid to the foreigner without an equivalent. This is what has been done during the last ten years. America and the Allies may say: "Good; they can do it again." But will they? The Germans, without exception, deny it. They will tell you that they have done it during the last ten years only through hope—and borrowed money; that no present minister or leader would dare promise to continue in economic slavery for another decade; that with the rise of the lower classes to political power he would immediately be swept out of office.

An important factor in this connection, too little appreciated by Americans, is the significance of the parliamentary system, a system which some Germans feel was forced upon them prematurely, but which, having been adopted, they propose to make the most of; and while it is still in the experimental stage, and opinion concerning its merits is divided, it is clear that foreign and domestic policies will be influenced, if not controlled—for good or ill—by the voice of the people. Revolutions, therefore, will no longer begin in the streets and work upward, to be met with bayonets; they will begin at the top, by a vote in Parliament, and, as the Germans are by nature law-abiding, they will be supported by the entire nation; a vote in the Reichstag may change the course of history. Perhaps America little realized that when she forced Germany to accept democracy she placed in the hands of her people an instrument of defense not only against the arbitrary acts of her own rulers but also against the exploitation of foreign enemies; and it might be well for American investors to realize that the fortunes of Germany are no longer to be decided by a conference of foreign experts in Paris and London, but by the common people on farms, in factories, and in the conferences around the firesides of millions of homes. Whatever temporary defeats and set-backs parliamentarism may have, and whatever modifications may take place in the external form of the German constitution, one thing is certain: the Germans are determined to become once more a free people and pressure from without will be tolerated just so long. A large amount of literature that has appeared in America upon a "renascent Germany" has given an entirely wrong impression, and this impression has been spread throughout the country by the thousands of tourists who are not close observers, travelers who see Germany only from touring cars and railway trains, and whose personal contacts are confined to the patrons of the leading hotels. The splendid landscapes, the clean streets, the attractive display of wares, seen through polished shop-windows, give little evidence of how the great masses live, though most opinions are formed from this exterior display. Let the American, if he speaks the language, live among the peasants in the little villages and hamlets, and talk over their problems with them; he will then see how little they have of the comforts of life and what efforts they put forth to eke out a miserable existence. The well-paved roads, the neatly trimmed hedges, the pruned orchards, the carefully tilled patches of land, and the stately forests, all of which give the landscape the appearance of a grand city park or English garden, are put into this form at the expense of horny hands and stooping forms, in many cases by aged women and young children, for all must work to keep body and soul together.

But there is another report which has just been issued by the German government that Americans might do well to ponder. It is a statistical study of the property tax, by the Bureau of Statistics, based upon the material in the departments of Finance and Taxation, done with characteristic German thoroughness, not for propaganda purposes but for the information and guidance of German budget-making and legislation. Incidentally, for the first time since the war, it enables the student of German conditions to form a general view of Germany's capacity to pay; and the results are sufficient to confirm the forebodings of even the gloomiest pessimist. Expressed in marks and compared with the pre-war period, it shows that the total wealth of Germany has been reduced from 157.1 billions to 97.8 billions, while at the same time the purchasing power of the mark has decreased 30 per cent. The number of millionaires, also based upon marks, has decreased from 15,547 to 2,335. Before the war there were 229 Germans each of whose taxable wealth was above 10 million marks; there are now but 33, while there are only 140 whose wealth ranges between 5 and 10 million marks, and of these more than one-half are landowners now operating without profit, and often at a deficit; and finally only 465 persons in Germany are listed whose wealth ranges between 2½ and 5 million marks. The average wealth

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throughout the empire for each individual industry is 14,906 marks less than one-half of that preceding the war. The significance of this must be fully grasped to appreciate the situation. The estimated average reduction for each industry is not computed on the basis of lost colonies and other property taken by the Allies and upon which a fictitious value might easily be placed, but upon the value directly attached to each industry. In other words, it means that each industry now operating in Germany has on an average less than one-half the productive capital that it had prior to the war. In so far, therefore, as German tribute is to continue to flow from the results of her industries, her problem is obvious: she must, with the economic world against her, in her reduced condition, first of all, speed up her production to the point of creating an adequate surplus, and then she must sell it over the high-tariff barriers that the world—in particular, America—has raised against her. To state the problem is to answer it. I am not losing sight of the fact that through more favorable conditions, new methods and improved machinery, an increase in production is conceivable with a decrease in capital; but Germany is asked to produce under less favorable conditions, under old methods, without capital to buy new machinery. Not a textile industry in Germany today is making both ends meet—one of the many causes for the large number of unemployed—and the one industry that is profitable, the railways, were under the Dawes Plan taken from the state, placed into the hands of a private corporation, and its profits turned into the reparations account.

The reason for taking this great source of revenue from Germany and placing it under foreign control, is, of course, obvious, but the justification for such a course and the explanation of its effects upon Germany seem to the German economist not calculated to inspire confidence in the ability or sense of justice of the foreign expert. Take, for example, the argument used in the Dawes Report that since in other countries, where railways were privately owned, their earnings did not help the state budget because they flowed into private hands, there was no reason to regard payment from this source as a burden upon the individual taxpayer; it was all the same to him whether railway profits flowed into the hands of a private German corporation or to the foreign reparations account. This is certainly naive. Of course the most elementary knowledge of economics should enable one to see that if German railway profits were not required as foreign reparations they could be used by the state—even if privately owned—to relieve the individual tax burden by just so much. But the mere fact that the reparation payments have been promptly met is convincing proof, to the American, of the wisdom of the expert Dawes Commission, regardless of the fact that new sources of taxation must be found to replace this loss. The German budget-maker who must find these new sources is, of course, not impressed with the bald statement of the commission when it adds, "We are convinced that the payments resulting from the railway and industrial obligations will impose no burdens upon the individual taxpayer worthy of mention"!

No less specious is the stock argument, made in behalf of tribute to the victors, that Germany is at a peculiar advantage in having liquidated her state and municipal debts through inflation and could therefore pay correspondingly more than other states that had maintained a more stable currency and were still burdened with domestic debts. There is just enough truth in such a statement to convince those who do not think. The states and municipalities did largely clear themselves of debts through inflation—which German economists think was deliberately forced upon them by the Allies—but the theory that this was an advantage rests upon several erroneous assumptions: one, that states and municipalities are not political entities composed of the people; another, that these entities are maintained and supported by an independent fund not connected with the taxpayer. What actually did take place was merely a transfer of the domestic debt upon the backs of the creditors who, in this case, formed the entire middle class—a class which has hitherto constituted the backbone of every important state. And whether a state with its backbone broken can even exist—to say nothing of paying tribute to other states—is a question concerning which German thinkers are by no means agreed.

But in addition to the economic handicaps the Germans point to other factors no less discouraging, to conditions that may have had a political or economic origin but now constitute moral wrongs that will hinder recovery so long as they are allowed to remain. Besides the Treaty of Versailles there is the relentlessness of France, the opportunism of England, the impertinence of Mussolini, the insolence of Poland, and the indifference of America—whose vote in the last Congress discriminating against German immigration did more to lower the confidence of Germans in official America than the generous act of Ambassador Schurmann and American private citizens, by their gift to Heidelberg University, did to raise it. If America would only let the Germans forget the past; there is still enough to remind them of broken promises; they daily face the fact that the two greatest specific wrongs under which they now live—the Polish corridor and the Saar basin—were inflicted upon the advice of two Harvard professors.

But if an analysis of what Germany thinks today does not reveal a single ray of hope in any quarter of its mental horizon, a statement to that effect must always be qualified with the understanding that it is universal in its application to those Germans who have thought through their problems only *if conditions remain essentially as they are at present;* a slight amelioration of their terms will not improve the future; all are agreed that there must be a radical change to inspire new life. Nor is this conclusion based upon a catalogue of Germany's grievances which she might properly, but does not, present to foreign visitors. As a rule Germans do not talk about the past; they have accepted defeat and are perfectly willing to pay the price; they scarcely ask for justice, unless it involves their honor; they merely want an opportunity to work under reasonable conditions and live up to their highest traditions; for while an occasional militarist still proclaims the old way to power and glory his voice is silenced by thousands of young men and women who see the future greatness of their country in the conquest not of arms but of thought, in the trails blazed, though at times lost, by a long list of heroic spirits, from Lessing and Luther to Einstein and Eckener, who have made the name of their race truly immortal. The severest critics of Germany today are the Germans themselves, and in this critical attitude they are trying to find some guiding principle in America's policy toward Germany upon which to base an abiding hope for a better future.

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Washington Needs More Silver Lining

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, D. C., June 3

THE degradation of the House of Representatives is almost complete. Under the cynical triumvirate composed of Longworth, Tilson, and Snell, it has suffered a steady loss of independence and dignity, until, through recent developments, those attributes have virtually disappeared. Its present condition is comparable to that of the Russian Duma under the Czars, and no man of spirit and self-respect can afford to be a member of it much longer. Observe the facts, melancholy as they are. The House has just passed a tariff bill which will add approximately $600,000,000 a year to the living costs of the constituents whom these pseudo-Representatives are presumed to represent. Ninety-five per cent of them had no more to do with writing it than a man in the Gobi Desert. It was written by fifteen men, sitting behind closed doors, with the advice and consent of a staff of lobbyists. When it reached the floor the ninety-five per cent were denied the right even to *offer* amendments, although scores of them thought it should be amended. When it came up for passage, they were denied the right to vote upon its provisions separately, although some of the provisions were radical innovations, and at least one was declared unconstitutional by the leading Constitutional authority of the House. These dumb, driven cattle were ordered to swallow the bill whole, without analysis or discrimination, and they swallowed it. Meantime the Senate had passed a farm bill which differed drastically from the bill previously passed by the House, in that the Senate bill contained the celebrated export debenture plan. Consequently, the bills went to conference. After some disputing the Senate confreres offered to abide by the result if the House was given an opportunity to vote on the debenture clause. The House leaders relapsed into undignified guffaws over this delicious suggestion. They explained that it was not their custom to let the membership make such decisions, and that, moreover, the members did not expect that privilege, and probably would be bewildered if it were thrust upon them. So the upshot of the whole matter is this: in a session called to enact two major measures, tariff and farm relief, the members of the House were not permitted to vote separately on the most vital features of one measure, and were not permitted to vote at all on the most controversial feature proposed for the other!

* * * * *

AT the other end of the Capitol a different sort of comedy has just been executed by the Republican members of the Senate Rules Committee, in an effort to punish the United Press, and "make an example of" its reporter, Paul R. Mallon, for getting and publishing the secret roll call on the confirmation of ex-Senator and ex-Power Trust Attorney Lenroot as Customs Judge. The effort failed ignominiously, due, first, to the fact that an overwhelming majority of the Senate was opposed to it, and, second, to the extremely doubtful state of the committee's authority. I take a deep satisfaction in recording that the authors of this egregious farce were four Old Guard statesmen celebrated throughout the land for their supposed "sanity" and "conservatism," to wit, Moses of New Hampshire, Smoot of Utah, Reed of Pennsylvania, and Bingham of Connecticut. I should add that one of the choicest bits was contributed by the Hon. James E. Watson, leader of the Republican majority in the Senate, who solemnly advanced the theory that since Mallon had been admitted to the privilege of the floor, he was "a guest of the Senate," and hence was bound not to violate its hospitality by disclosing what it wished to conceal! But the perfect jewel was furnished by Dr. Hiram Bingham, of whom it is reported that he once actually occupied a chair at Yale. This learned man confessed that, as a matter of newspaper ethics, he could see no difference between violating a personal confidence and publishing something which the Senate didn't want published. On the other hand, I found myself unable to join in the indignation which swept the press gallery when Senator Reed commented upon "the so-called ethics of this so-called profession." I could not escape a guilty feeling that the Senator's characterization might very properly apply in a great many instances—otherwise, my colleagues' anger would have boiled earlier over some of Reed's attempts to bunco them and the public about Secretary Mellon's business, instead of remaining silent until he waxed frank about their own business.

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THE value and importance of the stand taken by the United Press can hardly be appreciated outside of Washington. The rules and other devices by which politicians seek to keep the public from learning what goes on in the capital multiplied at a terrific rate while Coolidge was President, and have continued to multiply under Hoover. Their success in keeping the news out of print has largely been due to the yielding and compliant attitude of the newspapermen themselves, especially such men as Frank B. Noyes, president of the Associated Press and publisher of the Washington *Star*. Of course, there have always been correspondents of individual newspapers who would get and write the truth, but their number was small, and the influence of their papers mostly confined to their respective localities, often distant from Washington. What was needed was for some great press association, serving hundreds of daily papers, to resolve on a policy of crashing through this artificial barrier of convention and taboo, to get the news and print it regardless of official disapproval. If the United Press has definitely decided to do this, as its action in the present matter indicates, the consequences for good will be tremendous. It happens in this case that the Senate—and an infinitesimal minority of the Senate, at that—was the offending agency. But the worst offenders, as all Washington correspondents know, are the executive departments whose heads are responsible to the President. The Treasury has been the very worst, with the Department of Justice a consistent second. Instances of suppression, distortion, or wilful misrepresentation of the news have not been lacking at the White House, even in recent months.

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And here let me note a significant aspect of the publicity arising from the Lenroot confirmation. All the torrents of editorial wrath and indignation have been directed at the Senate for confirming Lenroot and attempting to suppress the vote, and practically none has been directed against President Hoover, who caused all the excitement by appointing him!

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THIS sanctity which preserves Presidents from merited criticism by even the most outspoken newspapers doubtless is responsible for the glaring failure of the press generally to report the significant facts about the record of Joseph P. Cotton, whom Mr. Hoover has recently appointed to the important post of Under-Secretary of State. It was disclosed during the oil investigation that Mr. Cotton was employed during the first two years of the Harding Administration to represent E. L. Doheny before the State Department in matters arising from the controversy between the Doheny oil companies and the Government of Mexico. In plain language this means he was hired by Doheny to persuade the State Department to take a more belligerent attitude toward the Mexican Government in behalf of Doheny's Mexican claims. For this delectable service his law firm was paid a retainer of $100,000. The facts are from the testimony given before the Senate committee by his law partner, William Gibbs McAdoo. They were sufficient, when revealed early in 1924, to put a severe crimp in McAdoo's Presidential hopes, although he made it plain that he had no active part in the matter. They were not sufficient, in 1929, to prevent Cotton, who had the most active part in it, from being appointed to the office before which he formerly appeared to press Doheny's claims. This succulent piece of news was duly printed in the Baltimore *Sun* and the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*. If it appeared in any other daily newspaper I have not heard of it.

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BUT does your correspondent wax gloomier than the signs warrant? Here and there, as a matter of fact, the clouds bear patches of silver lining, albeit seldom larger than a man's hand. Oliver Wendell Holmes still lives, and judging from the vigor and clarity of his recent dissenting opinions, may well live to be one hundred and fifty. Amen. The personnel and procedure of the Commission on Law Enforcement are full of the highest promise. I hope some day to remind the Recording Angel that the President who appointed Jim Good, Arthur Hyde, and Irvine Lenroot, also appointed Roscoe Pound, Newton D. Baker, and Judge William Kenyon. I shall also remind him that Herbert Hoover has just now—for the second time—delivered a neat blow at the sanctified toga of Andrew W. Mellon. The first assault upon that sacred garment occurred when the President bluntly commanded publicity of income-tax refunds. The second happened a few days ago when he appointed Robert H. Lucas of Kentucky as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, a post which the haughty Secretary had demanded for Charles R. Nash of Pennsylvania. It is commonly accepted that Mr. Mellon's desire to remain in the Cabinet grows out of his liking for the pleasant and congenial atmosphere of Washington. He is finding it less pleasant and congenial these days, and only the highest devotion to the public welfare will suffice to keep him there until he can refund the rest of the excess-profits taxes collected from his and other large corporations during the late war.

"No Loitering: Get Out Production"

By ROBERT L. CRUDEN

"OUT looking for a job. Went to Continental Motors. Stayed for half hour. Young bullet-headed clerk ignored us. . . . Went over to Hudson. Passed through quickly with no job. Went to Chrysler. Big mob. Crushed. Waited for two hours but no job. After being rejected went to U. S. Rubber Company. Found waiting-room full of men who had been there from eight in the morning. (This was about 11 a. m.) Left and went over to Dodge; no job. Went to Murray Body; also passed through. McCord Radiator Company wanted women only. Took street car to Ford Rouge plant. There were about 750 men inside a clearing surrounded by steel-wire fence—just like cattle in pens. Many of them had been there since early morning. My feet are sore and hot from tramping all day on burning sidewalks. . . . Sweated all day and am very weary and uncomfortable. . . . Spent over half a dollar on carfares; as a result did not have enough to eat lunch. I walked many miles from plant to plant. Ten hours wasted today looking for work."

That is a typical day's entry in my unemployment diary. After about a week of such wandering around Detroit I picked up a job at the Packard Motor Car Company as a ventilator assembler. While waiting to be hired I had plenty of leisure to note that the older men were being turned away—just as they are still being turned away at Packard, Ford, Hudson, and all the other auto factories. Here was I, who had never been inside a factory, hired as a worker on the "line" while men whose hair had whitened in the service of the motor kings were turned away with a shrug.

"No Loitering. Get out Production." This sign on our general foreman's desk symbolizes the whole system. Our job was to put ventilators into bodies as they came along on the "line." We had to work swiftly, for if a body went through unassembled there was trouble and plenty of it. We would receive a visit from the general foreman, after which all would speed until our shirts stuck to our bodies. But then the jobs would not be well done and another visit would result. It was an impossible situation: the output was increased almost daily but no one was added to our "gang." Besides, due to physical strain, our gang was rarely at full strength. Some one was always at home resting up. The inspectors were told to cooperate with us by not looking at the jobs too closely, but that was offset by the general foreman's firing our best man for talking back to him. Finally, in a last effort to make us speed up, he made us record the number of jobs we did every day. At first we all

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conveniently forgot about it, but when the general foreman came around threatening to fire "the whole goddamned bunch"—this same gentleman taught Sunday school—our panic was pitiful to behold. We speeded up as fast as we could, especially one oldish man whom we called "Frenchie." He suffered from sort of stomach trouble and it was cruel to see him bent up under the cowl, sweat pouring from his strained face, while he frantically gripped the half-hidden bolts we had to tighten. "But wot I do?" he asked when I spoke to him about it, "Me got wife and kids home. If me quit dis job, no get oder job."

We worked eleven hours a day; we were ready to quit after seven. After five in the afternoon we would get up on the cross-beams and work away in a semi-conscious state, putting out in two hours half as much as we usually put out in an hour. "Frenchie" used to get shaky on his legs and moan about his stomach. The others cursed at having to get up and down so often. One night I actually went to sleep leaning against a body and was saved from the wrath of the boss only by a worker, who gave me a push. We usually left the plant around seven at night, most of us too tired to run to the street car. I left home at six in the morning and returned at eight, ill-tempered and on edge. I would eat whatever was set before me, sullenly and without question; wash off dirt haphazardly, and then collapse into bed. There I would lie until wakened at 5:30 the next morning. Working, eating, and sleeping were my sole functions.

It was even worse, I think, with the "wet sanders" who help polish the glistening Packard bodies. Their job consists in rubbing the Duco lacquer with wet very fine sandpaper. In order to get results they have to concentrate all their energy in their hands. At about 2:30 in the afternoon they begin to weaken. Sweat streams from their faces, their arms move slower and slower, forced on by sheer will power and fear of the boss. Ill temper and mutual abuse increase with their fatigue. Then the boss comes around: "Come on, fellows, you're slippin'. Get on the job." In doing their work, the polishers have to swing their whole body. At any moment I could see a polisher standing off for a rest —if the boss wasn't around. At the end of a working day these men are ready for nothing but sleep.

Part of the time we worked where the bodies are sprayed with lacquer. For this purpose there are "spraying booths," equipped with fans that are supposed to draw off the fumes. Actually these fans help very little, for the air is always laden with spray. It made my lungs sting to work in it and I finally had to quit working while spraying was going on. Several times I went down to the main spraying room. In that department spraying booths and baking ovens alternate, so that with spray and stale hot air the atmosphere in the room is suffocating. Each time I went down I was driven out after a few minutes, lung-sore and choking. The sprayers there work in their underwear, the poisonous spray easily penetrating their pores. These men are supposed to wear little aluminum respirators, but few of them do. "Hell," said one fellow to me, "we'd choke to death with one of them on." Going home one night I talked with an old sprayer who had been a long time with the company, about the effect of this on his lungs. "Buddy," he responded, "they're sore. Some nights I can hardly sleep with them—but what can I do?" A former sprayer who worked in the paint shop told me that he'd never spray again if they paid him a dollar an hour. "But," he added, "this is just as bad. In a year or two the paint gets you."

Last summer Packard proudly announced that "economies in production" would allow for a $300 cut in the price of cars. The workers partook of these economies by accepting wage cuts. Men who worked in the service department found their wages cut from 60 cents to 48 cents an hour. In the top-trimming department men were being hired at 54 cents for jobs that formerly paid 70 cents. After returning from their annual compulsory vacation the men also found that the bonus was performing strange tricks. No worker knows how the bonus is figured. All he knows is that before vacation he was getting a bonus amounting to about 15 to 20 per cent of his wages, while now he is lucky if he gets any at all. During the two months I worked I drew a bonus only once and then it amounted to only 2 per cent. "Frenchie" told me he used to get a 20 per cent bonus when the group put through 100 jobs a day; we were doing close to 180 and thought we were lucky to get 2 per cent.

Another fertile source of discontent was the failure to raise wages. Until last summer it had been a general policy to give a slight increase periodically. Such a raise was due immediately after vacation; when no word of it came the grumbling would have gladdened the heart of an agitator! A trick, reminiscent of Ford's, is also in vogue at the Packard plant. Because of these former periodic increases in pay, the men who are longest with the company receive the highest wages, and as a general rule it can be said that the older men are getting higher wages than the younger fellows. However, an old polisher explained to me how this works out. After the worker reaches the 70 cents an hour stage, the foreman comes around and, on finding the least flaw in his job, fires the worker. This old polisher's panic when his foreman found a spot on a body was sufficient proof for me that this was no fiction of his imagination. It saves money for the company to have younger, cheaper men and it will ultimately benefit the consumers—of $3,000 to $6,000 Packards.

Above this undertow of unrest the welfare schemes of the company seem a sorry covering. In an effort to keep workers "loyal and contented" there are vacations with pay, after five years' continuous service. After a similar period, and "in prosperous years," a "service bonus" is paid, beginning with $50 for five years and reaching a maximum of $250 for 25 years' service. With the terrific pace of the speeding system it is evident that the company will not be ruined by having to pay too many bonuses of this kind. Then there is the Packard Senior League: "An organization of Packard employees who have completed five or more years of continuous service . . . to promote closer relations among the members and between employees and the company." Special privileges are granted members of this organization, such as buying Packard cars at a discount! The Packard Aid Association is just the usual mutual benefit association, with the company holding the whiphand, for the association's constitution states: "At any time prior to incorporation the company may disband the association or withdraw its support therefrom." Finally, there are a few hand-outs such as watches to long-service men, a ceremony usually performed just before Christmas. A company executive is shown in the news pictures proudly handing a gold watch to an employee, who, it must be admitted, always looks rather bewildered.

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The press invariably comments on the "new spirit in industry" and the stockholders, such as Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, go their ways, glowing inwardly with the realization that they have done well by their workers.

But Packard actually has the reputation of being one of the best plants in town. After seeing some of the others I am in no mood to disagree with that impression. It also has a reputation for somewhat steadier work, but even there I found the same job-fear that possesses a hundred thousand auto workers in Detroit. The worker is afraid of losing his job; which means also that he fears the boss. All of the conditions I have described would not last a single minute if such a threat were not back of them. The workers of Detroit have been taught by bitter experience that summer overtime means winter unemployment; that speed-up in summer means tramping the snow in winter. Could you have been in Detroit last January you would have seen men, half-clad and shivering, eager to take jobs at 30 cents an hour that formerly paid 50 cents. I myself drew a pay-check for a relative which amounted to $18 for a little over a week's work at ten hours a day. As a young married polisher summed it up to me rather bitterly: "You've got to lose confidence when you come in here. You've got to stand for a lot of things. . . . You just have to see that the boss gets nothing on you, and if he does, you just let him bawl you out."

This is Detroit, the golden open-shop city of opportunity. Many of these Packard workers and the workers in other Detroit plants wonder when the American Federation of Labor is going to carry out its 1926 resolution to organize the automobile industry. No real steps have ever been taken to enlist them in the union. Many of them tell me they are waiting for the union drive that was promised them two years ago. They want a union that can help them to battle against wage cuts, speed-up, crooked bonus systems, unemployment. Will the A. F. of L. ever get ready to move in Detroit? Or will the independent Auto Workers' Union do the job?

Morris Gest and the Passion Play

By LOUIS BROWDY

A SHORT time ago as I passed the New York Hippodrome on Sixth Avenue I was arrested by the colorful spectacle before my eyes. Against the rococo façade of the huge old playhouse great electric signs in dazzling white and amber cried out through the gathering dusk the news of the presentation of the "Passion Play." A cluster of immense incandescent bulbs cast a fierce white light over the sidewalk beneath the *théâtre marquée* and on a radiant quartet of angels newly painted on the under side of the canopy. The newly decorated lobby, filled with a glittering and expectant throng, was surrounded with tawdry imitations of stained-glass windows and translucent saints. An officious cordon of police patrolled the sidewalk, plagued the crowd of idle onlookers, and cleared a pathway for high hats as they emerged from limousines and taxicabs. Morris Gest, "the Greatest Showman in the World," had staged an opening, and hard-boiled, gullible New York was basking in the trumpery glare of Art.

On the dreary side wall of the theater I made out a vast colored poster. A half recumbent Christ could be descried stretching suppliant hands toward these words:

The World's OLDEST
PASSION PLAY
first played at
FREIBURG
in the year 1264
and a regular institution
since the year 1600

* * *

ENACTED IN AMERICA FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY BY THE PASSION PLAYERS

I unfolded the evening paper under my arm and soon found a vast, eye-filling, Barnumesque advertisement. It proclaimed

An Epoch in the History of the Theatre
The most stupendous production in world's History
MORRIS GEST
has the great privilege and honor to announce
a Limited Engagement of
The Original World Famous Freiburg
PASSION
PLAY
The Play Sublime
Direct from Freiburg, Baden
ADOLPH FASSNACHT as "Christus" GEORG FASSNACHT as "Judas"
with the original Freiburg Players cast of 1000 living persons

It further announced that David Belasco had "volunteered his services without any compensation whatsoever in assisting the Passion Players with their American presentation," and it assured the reader that this was the play "which over 5,000,000 Americans have seen in Freiburg."

The announcement left me disturbed at my abysmal ignorance. Some five millions of my countrymen had seen this world-famous Passion Play and I had never heard of it. And it was important enough to receive the gratuitous assistance of the high priest of Broadway (I had quite forgotten that Belasco was Morris Gest's father-in-law), though the idea of a medieval peasant play gilded by the Master's hand struck me as faintly idiotic. Purchasing a ticket, I joined the crowd in the lobby and questioned a number of the people about me—thoroughly intelligent people they seemed, who might lighten the burden of my ignorance touching the "world famous" play. One and all, I discovered, thought they were about to see the *Oberammergau* Passion Play; and I realized that to most people, intelligent or otherwise, Passion Play and Oberammergau were entirely synonymous. After all, the sacred drama of the Bavarian villagers is

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not only *the* world-famous Passion Play but the *only* one.

Inside the theater I saw a dull, crude, interminable spectacle presenting an incredible distortion of the Gospel story. The most remarkable and, to me, the most memorable moments of the evening occurred in the intermissions when, as the curtain descended and the house-lights came slowly up, an outcry arose in the aisles. "Get your ice-cold Eskimo pies!" shouted the eager candy venders. Mr. Gest had not forgotten to sell the candy concession for the great drama of the crucifixion. Had he not amply displayed his deep sense of the sanctity of the play when in his advertisements he had requested the Hippodrome audiences to refrain from applause?

A few days later curiosity moved me to investigate the "Original World Famous Passion Play" and I soon arrived at some interesting conclusions about it. I found that the Freiburg Passion Play is, in fact, an obscure, fourth-rate specimen of German religious drama which receives almost no mention in the whole body of scholarly literature on the subject. It is one of the latest, instead of the oldest, of the Continental passion plays and what little scholarly notice it has received has been mainly to set it up as a stilted and artificial pageant of the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in contrast with the fresh and realistic passion plays of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. No reference to it is to be found in the Britannica (which contains a 2,000-word article on Freiburg), nor in the standard German encyclopedias, the Brockhaus and the Meyer, either under the heading of *Freiburg* or *Passionspiel*. The omniscient Baedeker, in his several pages on Freiburg im Breisgau for the tourist in Germany, says nothing about a Passion Play in that famous old city.

At Columbia University, Professor Robert H. Fife, head of the German department, has never heard of a Freiburg Passion Play; nor has Professor Frederick W. J. Heuser of the German department; nor has Professor Wilhelm A. Braun, head of the German department at Barnard College. Professor Lynn Thorndike of the history department at Columbia, who gives the course in medieval European history which covers the period of the passion plays, has visited Freiburg but has never heard of a Freiburg Passion Play.

In his advertisements Mr. Gest has made much of the originality and antiquity of the play. With complete unanimity the best scholarship agrees that the oldest passion plays are those of Benediktbeurn, in Bavaria, and of St. Gall, in Switzerland. The Catholic Encyclopedia, enumerating the earliest passion plays, mentions, in addition to the above-named, those of Frankfort, Maestricht, Vienna, Alsfeld, and Friedberg. The other important passion plays, according to a score or more of authorities, are those of Donaueschingen, Augsburg, Selzach, Freising, Innsbruck, Lucerne, Valenciennes, Mezières, Arras, and Mons. That of Oberammergau, a comparatively late play, is in a class by itself.

In the literature on the subject it is difficult to find any reference to a Freiburg Passion Play whatsoever. I finally gleaned a few brief references with the help of Miss Mudge of the Columbia Library. Wilhelm Creizenach, in his monumental five-volume "Geschichte des Neueren Dramas," makes the briefest mention of it. Walter Müller, in a dissertation on "Der Schauspielerische Stil im Passionspiel des Mittelalters" (1927), deals with it at some little length as a singularly feeble and inept specimen of the later passion play. Janssen's "History of the German People" (Vol. 12) makes a passing reference to it.

It is quite in line with the other misstatements in Mr. Gest's announcements that he has advertised his Passion Play as "Direct from Freiburg, with the original cast of 1,000 living persons." The cast is actually made up of fifteen or twenty German actors and about 200 supernumeraries (some of whom told me they were paid the munificent wage of $8 a week and many of whom were discharged at the end of the first fortnight after rehearsing two weeks without pay). The Fassnacht troupe has been in America for nearly a year, having given their first American performance in St. Joseph, Missouri, last August. By means of a shrewdly devised ballyhoo and skilful liaisons with local church organizations and Masonic Shrines they had been doing a thrifty business in the small towns of the Middle- and Southwest when the rumor of their success reached the ear of "the Greatest Showman in the World." Early in March Gest hurried out to Davenport, Iowa, set the town and the Fassnachts agog, and straightway signed up the troupe. Even a moderate attendance at the Hippodrome performances should make the crucifixion a profitable spectacle on Broadway as a result of the *tour de force* of false publicity which has accompanied it. Mr. Gest, the Christus, and the Judas are receiving, under their contract, $1,000 a week each; in addition 60 per cent of the net profits go to Gest and 40 per cent to the Fassnachts. And the candy concession should bring a very pretty penny.

Mr. Gest has been quoted on the matter: "I have never done anything, or been connected with anything, of which I am more proud than the Passion Play. First of all, it is not a commercial enterprise. . . ."!

In the Driftway

THE Drifter remarked last week that he liked the sights and sounds of a printing plant. He described some of the sights, but he didn't have room for the sounds. Yet the sounds of a printing plant are as inspiring as the sights. Sometimes it seems as if modern city dwellers must become immune to sound—or else die of nervous exhaustion. Our cities are filled with so much unmusical sound, such a blare of discord, that one's only hope seems to lie in developing a protective insensibility. Yet amidst the din some sounds are inspiring, agreeable, and even soothing. Among them the Drifter would include what is commonly called the roar of the printing press, though it sometimes seems more like a moan. The Drifter is thinking for the moment not about small machines but of the big rotary presses of the daily newspapers. It is from them that one gets the sound of a printing plant in most impressive and dramatic form.

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THE Drifter is one of those persons who abhor discord and clangor but to whom absolute quiet—if there is such a thing—is oppressive. He likes the ticking of a clock or the whirr of a dynamo. Best of all he likes the steady boom of a great rotary press. It is either stimulating or

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restful, as you like. It helps you to concentrate, if you wish to work, or serves as a lullaby if you want a nap. The sound of the printing press is most dramatic when it comes from many sources and out of the quietness (otherwise) of early morning hours. In New York City the daily newspapers are too scattered to give out a grand chorus from their presses. The best such chorus which the Drifter recalls used to take place (probably still does) in the early hours of Sunday morning in London. Then, with week-day noises at the minimum, one might walk through Fleet Street while from one quarter and another great presses groaned out their slightly varying dirges until they united in a common chorus that dominated the night. The Drifter can think of hardly anything more dramatic in the way of sound, unless possibly it is the cry "They're off" with which the spectators greet the start of a horse race on the tracks around New York City. Probably nowhere else in the world is a vast crowd trained to utter two words in such perfect unison and with so much feeling. Coming after the few seconds of tense hush which marks the assembling of the horses at the starting gate, these two words vibrating in bass and soprano, guttural and nasal, calm and excited tones from say 10,000 throats are worth all the rest of the show put together.

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THE Drifter's comment on May 29 in regard to newspapers with flavorful names prompts R. J. B. to ask recognition for the *Morning Avalanche* of Lubbock, Texas. R. J. B. writes also that somebody has suggested that since we have *Life* and *Liberty* an enterprising editor ought to begin publication of the *Pursuit of Happiness*.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Upton Sinclair Suggests

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I believe the Sacco-Vanzetti case could be completely revived by the holding of a mock-trial in Boston: provided, of course, that it were done on a sufficiently large scale to compel publicity. What I mean is that a big hall should be engaged for several successive evenings, and possibly longer, and some well-known persons should be persuaded to play the various roles, and read with action the various parts—abridged, of course. This would constitute such sacrilege that Boston could not possibly stand it, and they would have to stop the performance, and arrest the actors. Then when they came to try them, there would be still another trial of the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

I believe that it would pay the friends of Sacco and Vanzetti in Boston to make such an effort once every year. I would be glad to do my part in helping to make a pageant-play called "The Life and Death of Sacco and Vanzetti," with words to be taken from their writings, and there is no reason why a play like this should not become a New England tradition, similar to the Passion Play at Oberammergau, or to the Mission Play out here in California. If I know anything about publicity—and I have a reputation for possessing such knowledge—I believe this is a live idea. If there is anything in my novel "Boston" which could be used, I should be very glad to donate it free of charge.

Pasadena, California, May 22 UPTON SINCLAIR

Feminism and Pride

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mrs. Southard's letter about my article seems to beg the question a bit. I thought I had made provision for permanent alimony to incapacitated and aged wives, and temporary alimony to those with small children and those needing training to become entirely self-supporting. The animus of her remarks, I feel, lies in her phrase, "I belong to a husband." I don't belong to my husband, nor he to me; we belong to ourselves. And I confess I had not thought of marriage as a "career," for the further pursuit of which a middle-aged divorcee might be handicapped. The economic support which I had in mind came from the personal efforts of the woman involved, not from her new dependence on another man!

I am quite willing to admit to Mrs. Southard that the "austere pride" I (and Racine) recommend is rooted in emotion—the emotion of a convinced feminist who would rather scrub floors than let any man, even one she loved and wished to live with, earn her living for her. I am too ignorant to see why any healthy woman, not decrepit with age, cannot support herself. Granted that women are discriminated against in the economic field, the way to overcome that discrimination is not to lie down on the job and give up the fight. The question of economic independence in marriage was not germane to my article, but Mrs. Southard has been perspicacious enough to sense that it was implicit in it. Yes, in or out of marriage women should earn their own livings, as they manage to do in Russia today. Why not? Alimony is a heritage from the slave days of masculine dominance; but so is the support of able-bodied wives. If that be treason, make the most of it.

San Francisco, Cal., May 27 MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

The Sugar Tariff

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am wondering if Congress is going to commit the folly and robbery of increasing the tariff on sugar; and, if it does, if Mr. Hoover is going to be *particeps criminis!* As I see it, the Louisiana sugar industry is being kept alive today for the benefit of a few men who own out-of-date sugar factories and are head-over-heels in debt to the banks. The sugar factories can always, if properly operated, make money because they can always safeguard themselves at the expense of the cane-growers who have to sell their cane for what the factories are willing to pay for it.

Last year virtually all the factories made money, but the cane-growers who did were about as few as hens' teeth. If the tariff is increased on sugar, it is highly improbable that wages in the Louisiana sugar district will be increased one cent. I happen to know that they were not during the years of the bounty.

New Orleans, Louisiana, May 23 E. Q.

For Cleveland Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will readers who would be interested in the formation of a Nation Club in Cleveland please get in touch with me.

Cleveland, Ohio, May 22 S. L. DAVIS,
P. O. Box 507

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Meat Eating

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent issue I note a statement that the American people are steadily consuming less meat. Official statistics do not bear out that view. The consumption of all meats in the United States was equivalent to 138 pounds per person in 1928 compared to 130 pounds in 1918, according to the estimates of the United States Department of Agriculture which are based chiefly on the weight of animals slaughtered in federally inspected slaughtering plants. Of course in 1918 we were at war and we were under the burden of shipping large quantities abroad which necessarily reduced domestic consumption. Going back to the five years before the war in order to make a comparison, we find that the average per capita consumption of meat amounted to 139 pounds per year, or only one pound more than in 1928. Many people are misled by the figures for beef. The estimated annual consumption of beef decreased from 64 pounds per capita from 1910 to 1914 to 52 pounds in 1928. But this was offset by an increase in the consumption of pork, exclusive of lard, from 62 pounds per capita in 1910-1914 to 74 pounds in 1928.

The question may be raised: Who has eaten this meat in view of the apparent tendencies to restrict its use on the part of certain classes of our population? The most satisfactory answer is that large numbers of our urban population have never been so well fed as they have been during recent years as the result of their improved income status. For every business or professional man who is eating less meat because of his doctor's orders, and for every woman who is dieting to conform to the dictates of fashion, there is a working-class family which is better fed than the families of ten or fifteen years ago.

Urbana, Illinois, May 1 L. J. Norton

Anti-Imperialist Conference

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Labor Party members of the House of Commons are organizing a two day's conference on imperialism in London, on July 17 and 18. The delegates will be chiefly Americans and Britishers, since these two nations are now the leading exponents of aggressive imperialism. Among the topics to be considered at this conference are how the United States is trying to dominate the world, the British Labor Party and British imperialism, how to get invading marines and troops out of occupied countries and areas, and international allocation of natural resources. Doubtless many of your readers will be in London in July and would like to attend this conference. It will be open to the public. We would be glad to have those who wish to go communicate with us at the Bliss Building.

Washington, D. C., May 15 Benjamin C. Marsh

Fuller and Massachusetts

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Editorial comment in the May 15 issue of *The Nation* indicates that you do not understand former Governor Fuller's position in Massachusetts politics. You mention the possible candidacies of Mr. Fuller (Republican) and Mrs. Jessie Wilson Sayre (Democrat) for United States Senator in 1930 and intimate that Mrs. Sayre might be the means of accomplishing the highly desirable object of defeating Mr. Fuller. Your opposition to Mr. Fuller is based on his conduct in the Sacco-Vanzetti case and you say: "Naturally, if Mr. Fuller should run, the Sacco-Vanzetti case would be thrust to the forefront of his campaign."

This is an erroneous conclusion. The Sacco-Vanzetti case may have prevented Mr. Fuller's nomination for the Vice-Presidency and his selection as ambassador to France. It would not, however, be an issue in a Massachusetts campaign in which he was a candidate. I agree that Mr. Fuller in the Sacco-Vanzetti case revealed a tragic close-mindedness. Without doubt hundreds in Massachusetts feel the same. Few, however, feel deeply about the Sacco-Vanzetti case. With the great majority, whether they praise or condemn Mr. Fuller's position, the case is merely one incident, and not a major one, in Mr. Fuller's public career. Massachusetts thinks more of Mr. Fuller's vigorous and economical administration of State affairs, of his political independence, of his utter disregard of the desires of conventional political leaders. Traditional Republican leaders have no use for him, as the opposition of the Boston *Transcript* shows. He won't play their game. He tries to play the people's game and, while he may err occasionally, none question his vigor and few his sincerity.

Massachusetts is neither Republican nor Democratic. Its political character is made by a large number of independent voters. They supported Governor Smith last fall. They invariably vote for David I. Walsh. They vote for Mr. Fuller in defiance of party leadership. They will vote for him if he is a candidate in 1930.

Haverhill, Mass., May 13 William H. Heath

Poetry Magazines

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have letters from the editors of various poetry magazines not mentioned in my recent article entitled Life's Delicate Children. They gently reproach me for such important omissions as Harold Monroe's *Voices, JAPM* ("Just Another Poetry Magazine"), *Contemporary Verse,* which I am informed is the second-oldest poetry magazine in America, and *Driftwind from the North Hills,* published and printed by Walter John Coates at Montpelier, Vermont. Undoubtedly there are many others of merit which might well be included in any thorough survey of the poetry press. May I point out, however, that my article stated specifically that the collection was incomplete? I was merely asked to record my impressions of a given group of publications. I should also mention that *Blues* is edited, not in New York, as stated in the article, but in Columbus, Mississippi.

New York, April 20 James Rorty

Michigan Emergency

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The constitution of Michigan provides that legislative enactments shall not take effect until the expiration of ninety days from the end of the legislative session, except that the legislature may, by a two-thirds vote, give immediate effect to "acts immediately necessary for the preservation of the public peace, health, or safety." The Michigan Legislature has recently enacted the Dempsey law, legalizing fifteen-round boxing matches for championship bouts, and has, by the necessary two-thirds vote, given this law immediate effect.

Detroit, May 10 Maurice Sugar

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International Relations Section

Drugs at Geneva

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

IT is hard to give a concise account of what happened in Geneva during the twelfth meeting of the Opium Committee of the League of Nations, which lasted from January 17 to February 2, 1929. The show-downs or show-ups were bigger and brighter than ever—exposures and admissions of the most damning character—yet the net result was nil. The opium and drug interests are in full stride, and the comment of the Italian delegate is a sufficient summary of the present situation.

> Gentlemen [he said], this committee meets year after year and takes note of the facts laid before it. We note the tremendous manufacture of drugs—in excess of medical needs as 100 to 1—this unlimited manufacture of the drug factories of Europe. These factories flourish on the blood and shame of humanity, with the connivance of governments. We note the immense illicit traffic which results, receiving reports from all over the world as to its extent and ramifications. We note the increasing manufacture of drugs with chemical formulas which put them outside the scope of the conventions—the morphine-esters and codein—which are thus able to circulate from country to country freely and without control. We note that such control as exists is inadequate and does not accomplish its object, i.e., the suppression of illicit traffic. How much longer can we go on like this? How *can* we come here, discuss these matters, and then go home again with nothing done? Doing nothing but utter expressions of regret, or pass pious resolutions deploring the situation?

He then urged the committee to reverse its decision—its refusal to consider the question of limiting manufacture—and begged them to put this burning question upon the agenda of the conference.

All the dent this made was that the committee dispensed with its usual pious resolutions at the conclusion of the session.

Not only are the old manufacturing countries continuing their cheerful course—England, France, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland—but new drug factories are popping up all over the map. With the old guard making profits hand over fist, other countries are encouraged by their example and want a share in the game. Hungary, for example, has established a factory which makes morphine 50 per cent cheaper than any other country, and is raising its own opium to feed the mill. Persia also is setting up a morphine factory, and Persia grows opium in huge quantities. When this fact came to light, the Serbian delegate naively remarked that Serbia had received several offers in the past year to set up a factory in Serbia. But, went on the Serb delegate artlessly, we refused these offers. In the first place, we thought it might embarrass the League of Nations. In the second place, we raise a fine grade of opium for which we have an excellent market, whereas if we turned our opium into drugs it would be difficult to market our drugs because of the competition already existing.

The Japanese delegate made a highly important statement. Drug addiction in Korea was causing grave concern—there were 5,000 addicts in Korea and the Japanese Government was determined to help them. A bill was pending to this effect. The Government proposed to establish a drug factory in Korea with an output of 255 kilos a year, of which 200 kilos were to be for treatment of addiction. All patients were to be registered, and they hoped to treat 1,000 a year, and to cure as many as were curable. By bringing the whole thing under complete government control—factory, addicts, hospitals—they hoped to solve the problem within a few years.

The committee received this important statement with much skepticism, and displayed a sudden desire for clinical details—you would have thought them a committee of medical men in their intense anxiety to focus discussion on the possibility of "cure." This was to shift attention from the important point of the Japanese statement, i.e., the necessity of taking drug factories from private ownership, reducing manufacture, and placing the entire problem under government control. If this Korean experiment goes into effect it may have far-reaching consequences and blaze a trail which other countries may follow. Needless to say this undertaking will bring in no revenue—on the contrary, it will be an expense incurred by an enlightened government for the benefit of its citizens. The core of the matter is government ownership of the factory with rigid limitation of output. The population of Korea is 17,000,000, of which 5,000 are addicts. Note that this factory proposes to make 255 kilos of morphine for this population, using 200 kilos in treating addiction, with 55 kilos for other medical needs. Compare these figures with the output of factories making drugs for commercial ends. Thus Switzerland, with a population of 4,000,000, made more than 23,000 kilos in two years. Twenty-three tons of morphine, heroin, and codein! Yet in the discussions the Swiss delegate said he understood addiction was considered incurable!

There was a fine exposure of the smuggling operations of a Dutch firm, which for the past fifteen months has been buying drugs from France, Germany, and Switzerland and sending the bulk of them to China. The amounts of these illicit shipments were as follows: 955 kilos of morphine; 3,040 kilos of heroin; 90 kilos of cocaine. Of these, the following amounts were smuggled into China: 760 kilos of morphine; 2,316 kilos of heroin, and 40 kilos of cocaine. One thousand kilos equals one ton. Pretty rough on China which is trying so hard to wipe out the drug traffic.

This Dutch firm having been caught red-handed, there was nothing to do but expose it. The Dutch Government presented a most detailed report from data obtained when the books of the firm were seized. This report showed the firms and countries from which drugs were bought, and the people and places to which illicit shipments were sent. A great deal was sent through parcels post. At the close of the discussion the Chinese delegate asked to make a statement, and when the afternoon session began, Mr. Wong King Ky read a long, carefully prepared speech on conditions in China—the tremendous difficulties that China was up against through foreign control of her territory, which made smuggling so easy; also the fact that smugglers of foreign nationality were not subject to Chinese law, but were punished—if at all—in their own courts. Everything was wide open,

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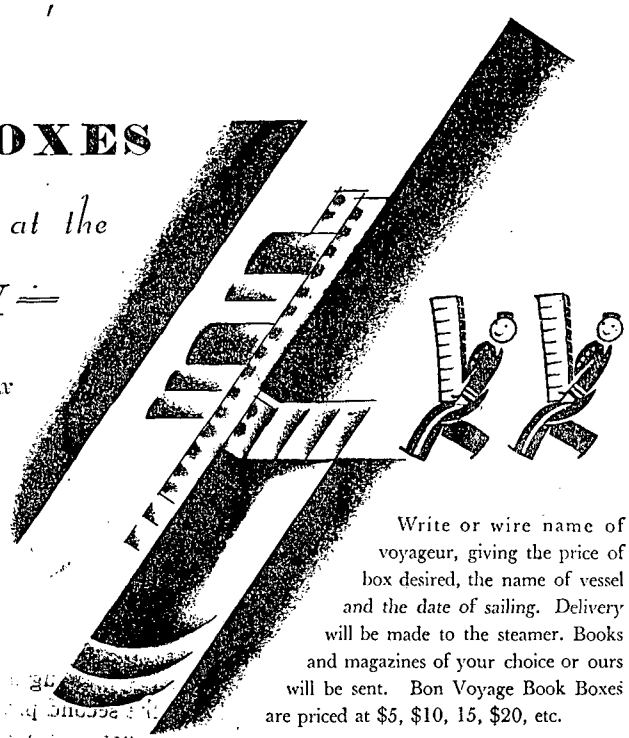

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and China at the mercy of this flood of European drugs which was swamping her.

Mr. Wong ended his speech by asking permission to distribute copies to the press, which permission the chairman granted. "Now," said the chairman, "let us adjourn for tea." Always there is a tea interval at these committee meetings, but this adjournment took place half an hour before the usual time, with not a tea-pot on the horizon. And when, eventually, the tea-pots came and went again, still the committee did not reassemble. Mr. Wong's speech had caused trouble. Yet the speech had contained nothing new—it was but a recapitulation of well-known facts, of long-standing abuses of which every one was well aware and thoroughly familiar with. It was, apparently, just one of those speeches to be ignored in the good old way in which the committee usually ignores unpalatable statements. Why the committee departed from its usual practice—its grand policy of ignoring unpleasant facts—is a mystery. Lots of bombs are dropped from time to time and nobody turns a hair. Yet this speech of Mr. Wong's was treated otherwise.

The British delegate said he wished to have deleted all the political allusions contained in the Chinese statement. Or else he wished it withdrawn completely, as if it had never been given.

Mr. Wong replied that this could not be done. He was setting forth the situation in China vis-a-vis to the foreign Powers; he was not attacking any particular country, but the *system* which made it impossible for China to protect herself from drugs. Therefore the political and drug situation could not be disentangled, for they were hopelessly interlocked. And as for withdrawing his statement, what would the people of China think if, the first time a representative of the new Government came to the League of Nations, the first act of the nations was to stifle the voice of China?

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in wrangling over this speech. It was not, contended the British, a suitable statement to be considered by the Opium Committee. The speech was political, not technical, and the Opium Committee was a technical body—the statement was outside its scope. Mr. Wong urged that his five main points be transmitted to the Council, in the Report of the Opium Committee to the Council. These were his points:

1. The immediate and absolute prohibition of smoking in the Far East.
2. The abolition of consular jurisdiction, and, in the meantime, the cessation of protection by foreigners of the illicit traffic.
3. Collaboration with the Chinese police for the suppression of the illicit traffic.
4. The limitation of drug manufacture.
5. The extension of the task of the Inquiry Commission to the Far East, proposed by the British Government, to all opium-producing and -manufacturing countries.

The committee said that nothing like this was to be submitted to the Council.

The British delegate for India said Mr. Wong had been treated with "exaggerated courtesy." Permission had been given him to make a statement and he had interrupted the debate on illicit traffic with a statement of a political character, extraneous to the subject under discussion. Wong protested that as the subject under discussion was about the vast amount of drugs smuggled into China, he thought it a most opportune moment to present China's difficulties. The upshot of the entire discussion (which lasted over through the following morning) was that Wong's speech should be printed in the minutes in its entirety, together with the debate in which the committee had expressed itself as to its utter unsuitability for consideration. And there the matter ended. The question of drugs in China, made in the factories of Europe and smuggled into the foreign concessions, is outside the competence of the Opium Committee of the League of Nations.

Mr. Wong got in one good, final whack. Every few days, the typewritten minutes of the committee are distributed to the delegates, for correction. Presumably these corrections refer to grammatical changes, to make the text clearer. Wong, being a newcomer, was astounded to hear one of the delegates ask for the deletion of an entire sentence.

"But," protested Mr. Wong, "to leave out that sentence alters the entire trend of the debate!"

The chairman snapped back: "If the honorable delegate from China was not a newcomer, he would have realized that it has always been our practice to permit each delegate to make such alterations as he chooses. To correct, to put in, to leave out, exactly at his discretion. This is his privilege."

"But that alters the whole sense of the proceedings," protested Mr. Wong.

"Each member has full liberty to make such changes as he sees fit," replied the chairman testily. "This has always been our custom. Also, he can leave in anything he wishes left in."

"Very well," replied Mr. Wong. "I wish to say—and to have my words left in, unaltered—that I object to this cutting and alteration of the minutes of this committee; that I object to these changes and deletions, which alter the character of the debates, and give the public a mistaken impression as to what actually takes place in our discussions. And I also emphatically protest against the omission of this sentence on the part of the delegate from Japan," and then he quoted the omitted sentence. "And," he wound up, "I want all these remarks put down just as I have made them."

Had the delegate from China not been a newcomer to the committee, he could have been still more emphatic in his protest against this licking the minutes into shape before publication—this soft-pedaling which tones down so much that the public might like to know.

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Summer Book Section

Fine Books—Old and New

By PAUL JOHNSTON

THE fallacy that William Morris is the father of modern fine-book making is as common as it is inexact. He did, at a time when printing was at a low ebb generally, set up his Kelmscott Press in England, founding it upon the principle that fine craftsmanship is essentially the product of hand work, and his object was to eliminate machinery as much as he possibly could. For a style in his work he went back to the beginnings of printing, taking the Gothic as his source, and allowing it to govern his design of types and his use of decoration on the printed page. English printing had taken a rather sickening drop in quality after the Pickering revival of Caslon's types about 1845-1860, and the books which the Rev. C. H. O. Daniel printed at his press in the old-style Fell types of the Oxford University Press, after 1877, though noticeably charming, were not strong enough or striking enough to start a new movement in the art. So when William Morris issued "The Story of the Glittering Plain," about fifteen years later, it came as a revelation in book beauty. Not only had it elegance, but it was new and different, and, by exciting discussion both in favor of it and against it, it brought the art of book making suddenly to the attention of a latent public. So our debt to Morris lies in the fact that he woke us again to the art in books, not that he established a school or movement. Morris had followers to be sure—far too many of them. Presses sprang up in England and America, the latter especially, taking Morris's edict most seriously, producing books upon hand presses; they copied his types and borrowed his decorations and arrangements. But Morris's way was for himself alone. His imitators passed away as rapidly as they came, while he carried his work to the end of his desire.

It is quite possible that two American printers were the first to accept the stimulation of Morris's work and to use it for their own study of the art in books, discovering a new point of departure and subsequently presenting the beginning of the modern movement for fine books. Both D. B. Updike and Bruce Rogers to some extent owe their early interest in printing to the work of William Morris. Both produced types patterned after that of an early printer. But the "Montaigne" type, designed by Bruce Rogers, was a far wider departure from Morris's style than was the "Merrymount," designed by Bertram Goodhue, the famous American architect, for D. B. Updike's press in Boston. So Bruce Rogers made an early essay in the manner of the Italian printers of the fifteenth century; then he and Updike, too, stepped out in directions of their own choice. Updike took his point of departure from the English books of the eighteenth century, and Rogers experimented with the forms introduced by the Italian and French printers as well, in his Riverside Press work, though he was strongly influenced, no doubt, by his contemporary.

These men eliminated the hand-craft twaddle from their code. They felt strong enough to cope with the development of printing machinery, so, besides being among the leaders of those who returned to the old-style manner of book design (the style which now prevails), they were the first to accept the printing machines at their disposal, and to set about mastering their processes to discover the possibilities for their use in the art of book making. These two departures mark the foundation of the modern movement in fine-book work.

Francis Meynell, in England, took the next momentous step. After a few years as typographic director of the Pelican Press in London, he established the Nonesuch Press, one of the most important among modern book-publishing enterprises. Meynell is more than a typographer. He is a man of distinct literary leaning as well, and this may account for much of his success. It is said he acknowledges a debt to the products of Bruce Rogers's Riverside Press work, and while there is some small parallelism in the work of the two enterprises, he has taken a long step forward and introduced many new and valuable principles. From the very first he discarded the excessively meticulous features of precious and limited-edition publishing. His books are simply printed with reasonable care, yet his selection of the best of English manufacturers to carry out his designs and the careful attention which is given every small detail of the work have brought forth books possessing unusual technical features. Hand work is minimized in their making.

A most important feature of the Nonesuch Press is the stringent economy with which the books are produced and the reasonable price at which they are sold. D. B. Updike has pointed out that William Morris was a socialist at heart, but could not carry out his feeling for socialism. He visualized a world in which all men lived in beautiful homes and carried on their work in elegant surroundings. Yet when it came down to brass tacks the artistic things that Morris made, including his books, were far too expensive for the average man to own. Meynell is, I take it, a socialist in fact, whether in principle or not. His object in starting the Nonesuch Press was to supply beautifully designed and finely printed books for those who really love literature and art. And well he knew that in this age these are often the very persons who can afford to pay the least for books.

The Nonesuch Press has also eliminated the excessively limited edition from its program. A few of the books are even printed in "unlimited" editions, i.e., reprinted after the first printing is sold out. Beginning with a modest edition, calculated to supply the immediate demand for each particular book, the press, through the desire to supply all who want copies, has gradually increased the quantities of even the limited editions, until now most of them are from a thousand to fifteen hundred copies.

At various times throughout the history of printing and publishing, certain enterprises devoted to the reprinting of the classics have been prominent. As early as the fifteenth century Aldus Manutius presented finely printed editions at a low price, with the object of spreading learning. In the seventeenth century the Elzevirs in Holland followed a

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similar course, and in the middle of the nineteenth century William Pickering reprinted the books of early English writers as well as the classics. There can be little doubt that Francis Meynell had such works in mind when he established the Nonesuch Press, and though its course is not exactly the same as any of these, it is in fact a modern expression of the motives that prompted these great printer-publishers of the past.

Early in the present century general book makers in England began to give some attention to the quality of their product. This movement was quite separate from the private-press movement, which William Morris sponsored, though it probably derived some of its force from the latter. After the war American publishers began a more extensive importation of English literary work in the form of printed sheets to be bound into books. The quality of much of this work was immediately evident when contrasted with the rather slovenly product of the average American publisher's printer, and it is most likely that these imported sheets had much to do with the publishers' first demand for better printing. Improvement came rapidly, and the superiority of design of the books of today over those of about ten years ago is apparent even to the layman. The fact that effort and attainment in this work have both generally been superficial is very regrettable. Alfred A. Knopf has been the leader in this movement from the first, and his contribution, though still insufficient, remains the most substantial one yet made.

Superficiality is also a great fault with American fine-book work. We have developed some clever typographers but few book designers. There are many who can embellish a title-page, some can even relate the text-page with the balance of the book, and a few can design a suitable binding, but the number who recognize literature as the principal element in book design, and take other important features into consideration in their work, is far too small. It is the great weakness of fine books all over the world, not in America alone, that the object of their production is principally typographic. Literature is too widely treated merely as a means to an end, and real scholarship is rarely put to work.

Two outstanding American results of the influence of the Nonesuch Press are the Crosby Gaige enterprise, now the Fountain Press, and Random House. Crosby Gaige, already successful in the field of theatrical production, began publishing with the intention of presenting the work of the best of contemporary writers in finely printed editions. His success has been somewhat dimmed by his lack of discretion in the selection of books—his willingness to accept whatever an author of established reputation had to offer. Then, too, the prices of his editions, probably through no fault of his own beyond his inexperience, have been extremely high. But the few very distinguished literary works among his publications, and the fact that all are of some beauty, justifies the experiment and marks its importance.

Random House has performed several valuable services to fine books. The few editions they have presented under their own imprint have a certain literary significance, all are of distinguished typography, and their "Candide," with Rockwell Kent's illustrations, is the finest illustrated book produced in America in recent years. As representative of the several most important English and Continental fine presses, Random House has become a central agency for the best printing and book making all over the world, and not the least important part of their work is the encouragement of American typography by acting as distributor or publisher for the few private presses in the country. There has long been the need of such an enterprise in the United States, and in its brief career Random House has attained a justified success.

The faults of American fine-book making become more glaring with the organization of such selling schemes as two "fine-book clubs" recently announced. The first appears in the form of a most elaborate prospectus from the "Anderson Books." Apart from the fact that the prospectus might as well be the announcement of an automobile manufacturer or furniture-polish maker or soup canner, the "Plan" sounds attractive. Briefly it is to issue six specially designed books each year in unlimited editions and send them to subscribers, who agree to pay the postman for each volume upon delivery. A list of the titles, enough to carry on the publications, one would think, for at least forty-seven years, is printed in the latter pages of the prospectus. It includes most of the good literary works of all time, though recent books are also included. But the list is amply disqualified by the simple statement that new titles will be added from time to time, while some of those now included may be dropped. An amusing series of follow-up letters succeed the prospectus. One begins, "Tough mugs—with hair on their chests!" and tells of the adventurous spirit of the characters in Stevenson's "Treasure Island." It closes: "—What's $5.50 for books like these?—What's five-fifty to a man like you?" Another begins: "Are you timid? Or are you Scotch?" In the one case you are advised to assert yourself, and in the other to take another look at the cash discount; in any case: "Grab your pen, sign your name, and rip out your check!" Whatever the quality of the Anderson books may be the methods of selling them is bound to excite unfavorable prejudice among intelligent people.

The Limited Editions Club announces a similar program. They will print fifteen hundred copies of each of their twelve books a year, to be sold to subscribers at a little over a hundred dollars annually, cash. Literature seems to be a secondary consideration in this announcement, also; the illustrations of the books are to be by the "greatest artists," yet if the word be seriously interpreted, not an *artist* is named upon the list. Nor is there evidence of a real understanding of the problems of book illustration or decoration; in only two or three of the books is there harmony in the characteristic style of typographer, printer, and illustrator. One must be excused for looking upon these two announcements with suspicion, since the programs seem to be constructed of such flimsy stuff. Yet both schemes are possible and could be made the basis of producing stimulating work, and I would be the first to acknowledge my error if such an unlikely thing happened.

Fine-book making in America is now only at its inception. Its best development could come from a recognition of the value of scholarship and literature by those engaged in special edition work, and, among general publishers, the understanding that American writing is in a fruitful period and that work is being done which is likely to be of future importance. Much of it is worthy of being presented in books of sound construction and all of it would benefit by a study of the part of the publishers of the best modern developments in type and design.

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Troth

By LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

My Chief!
You were terror to all other tribes
Who are now most terrible to your own,
For your life-light has gone out
And you are one with the dark and its demons:
These only, Apaches fear.
The blood of Geronimo spilled from your heart
When you fell before our wickiup at noon
Small black roundness red on your breast
Hurled from the long stick of the paleface
That, speaking, *kills*.*
You, who were arrow and thunder to your tribe
And morning to your woman,
Are frightful stillness, not to be named.
We ran from you . . . far . . . far . . . to make a new camp
Racing with the sun. . . .

More than any, I fear. More than any, I love—
O my warrior!
I come back through the awful wood
On the dread trail of midnight
Alone, joyous.
Bats could not stay me; the owl heard my laughter;
Chased by devils, my soul was singing
For it knew the end was dawn.
White east sees your squaw again beside you
Happy on our bed of *death*.*

Youth on the Bookshelf

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

SOME time ago, in the *Survey Graphic*, an article by Leon Whipple appeared, the first sentences of which were delightfully provocative. They ran as follows: "I personally have never met a grown-up, even in a mirror. Nor have I found one described in a catalogue or stuffed in a museum. The people I have discovered posing as grown-up to impress their friends or scare their children were fakes: they knew rather less about life than a rural idiot."

Although it is unfair to lift these sentences from their context, I hope Mr. Whipple will forgive the apparent vandalism in view of the fact that his attitude is both salutary and consoling to those of us interested in the reading done by people of high-school age. Their demands in reading matter are the demands of their years; but they prefer to gratify them, and can often satisfactorily do so, by means of books written by and for those legendary adults whose existence Mr. Whipple challenges. Frequently they ignore even the most tactful of high-school lists—lists which grow more intensive and intelligent as this condition is generally recognized—to seek their own answers to their own questions.

Foremost among these questions is: How do other people grow up? "A Little Boy Lost" by W. H. Hudson, "Cambric Tea" by Rebecca Lowrie, and "Eepersip" by Barbara Newhall Follett give aspects of early childhood in a manner infinitely removed from the patronizing tone once inflicted upon a helpless generation. "A Little Boy Lost" is already a classic, and as such needs little comment. "Cambric Tea" is an unusual record of a child growing up in a small Western town. A sensitive girl, keenly alive to impressions and conceptions of life, feels at once an identity with the writer, and will appreciate the distinction of the book. "Eepersip" is one of the very few stories written by a child which will appeal to other children—even those considerably older than the writer. Almost a fantasy, this description of a personality eternally slipping away from the restraining hands of its elders will touch a responsive chord in the experience of many young people. "Bambi" by Felix Salten is, among other things, a vivid record of growing pains and growing pleasures, personified in the life of a deer. More familiar titles, and books which take their heroes and heroines through school and youthful experiences, are Hugh Walpole's "Jeremy" and "Jeremy at Crale," "Emmy Lou" by George Madden Martin, "The Varmint" and "The Prodigious Hickey" by Owen Johnson, "Stalky & Co." by Kipling, "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" by Mark Twain, and Booth Tarkington's "Penrod." These are, indeed, so familiar, and so many others follow inevitably in their wake, that in an article such as this it would be unnecessary to include them at all did it not seem impossible to give any idea of the demands and loves of high-school people without their aid. Whether they were, originally, written for such an audience, is a question. They have certainly been wholeheartedly appropriated.

Novels such as "The Bent Twig" by Dorothy Canfield and "The Girls" and "So Big" by Edna Ferber also discuss how people grow up, although from a more mature and analytical point of view than the books suggested above. Beginning with the early years of their characters, they trace their development through adolescence, stressing emotional growth. Other examples are "The Perennial Bachelor" by Anne Parrish, the prize-winning Harper novel of a few years ago, which tells the story of a growing family in a peculiarly piquant and vivid manner. It dwells particularly on the life of the one member who, at the dying request of a mother selfish with the shortsightedness of the period, foregoes her own happiness for that of the family left in her charge. "The Rebel Generation" by Jo van Ammers-Küller, a publication of this year, is a novel which brings vividly before eyes grown accustomed to it the price paid for woman's suffrage. "Mary Olivier" by May Sinclair, that intensive and sympathetic record of a growing girl, discusses her struggle to develop her talents in the face of the opposition of a conventional English home with a fervor which finds an echo in the hearts of many young readers. "The Bonny Farm" of Ruth Suckow and "Moon Calf" by Lloyd Dell show with especial clarity the development of boys in the face of their emotional and socializing problems. Not one of these books was written with

* In a note on this poem, which is based on Indian tradition, the author writes: "The words 'kill' and 'death' were italicized because to speak them is the very height of courage in an Apache."

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high-school audiences in mind. Yet they are colloquial sagas which show their heroes and heroines passing through the throes of growth, and they interest young people as older ones are interested by "The Old Wives Tale" or "The Forsyte Saga" or Wells's "Marriage" or "Small Souls" by Louis Couperus or Thomas Mann's "Buddenbrooks."

Closely allied are books that answer the equally pressing question—What is it like to fall in love? These are of all times and all countries; in the case of love stories, old favorites often hold a strong place in the affections of young readers. "The First Violin" by Jessie Fothergill, the sentimentality of which is no drawback for the audience in question; "The Letters of Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther" by "Elizabeth"; "The Light That Failed" by Kipling; Barrie's "Little Minister"; "A Kentucky Cardinal" by James Lane Allen; "The Beloved Vagabond" by W. J. Locke; "Peter Ibbetson" by Du Maurier—these books and many others are evocative not only of memories for older readers, but of absorbed interest on the part of younger ones. Done in the romantic manner of some thirty years ago, they are the predecessors of books which possess for adolescents the inimitable appeal which Milne has for little children. Such works as "The Happy Hypocrite" by Max Beerbohm, "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" by Anatole France, "The Haunted Bookshop" and "Parnassus on Wheels" by Christopher Morley, "Green Mansions" by W. H. Hudson, "Deirdre" by James Stephens, "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard" by Eleanor Farjeon, "An American Idyll" by Cornelia Stratton Parker, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" by Thornton Wilder, all have a wealth of feeling and a beauty of style which make them indispensable additions to the libraries of young readers of both sexes who appreciate such qualities.

The fact that they do appreciate and demand the idealistic novel, however, makes them no less eager for more modern and matter-of-fact approaches to the subjects of love and marriage. "First Love" by E. M. Delafield and "Soundings" by Philip Gibbs present cool and detached studies of frustrated youthful emotion. These two books do not supply companion pictures of happy solutions which young people of high-school age demand by preference whether they admit it or not. "Charlotte Löwensköld" by Selma Lagerlöf, a love story with a Swedish background, is one of the modern books which gives, if not a radiantly happy ending, at least a contented one. "The Happy Mountain" of Maristan Chapman, which has the possible disadvantage of being written in dialect, is so sincere a story of a boy with wanderlust and a girl who satisfies it that with a little patience it is a good choice. "Her Knight Comes Riding" by J. V. A. Weaver is a story about everday middle-class people, with the Great War used in an unusual way as a background for the love story. This is essentially modern, with the demands and expectations of today vividly presented.

In this connection, "Poor Little Fool" by Fulton Oursler may be mentioned. The subject of companionate marriage is, if we are to believe Judge Lindsey, of deep importance to high-school people. If that be true, "Poor Little Fool," a sane and careful presentation of the subject in fiction form, is of more value than all the judge's eloquence. "Bad Girl" by Viña Delmar, the clinical details of which might bore if they did not repel older readers, has its place on the shelves of high-school readers to whom fiction appeals more than, say, the forbidden brochures of Mary Ware Dennett.

From "The First Violin" to "Bad Girl," with stops on the way at "The Rebel Generation" and "Martin Pippin," is indeed a tortuous path. But so, as we need not be told by the psychologists, is the emotional development of boys and girls. Nor are they concerned only with stories about imaginary people. The careers of certain real and interesting individuals offer equally satisfactory answers to their questions. Although hero worship is not openly acknowledged, the stories of people who have achieved a coveted place in the world of affairs are eagerly sought. The past year has seen the publication of "The Fourth Musketeer—The Life of Alexandre Dumas" by Jean Lucas-Dubreton. Certainly no author is more beloved by a great variety of young readers than is Dumas, and this biography is an appealing picture of the man who, when taunted with the fact that his father was a Negro, answered good-humoredly, "My grandfather was a monkey." "Schumann-Heink, The Last of the Titans" by Mary Lawton will fascinate the legion for whom the operatic stage has an irresistible attraction. The description of a poverty of which few young Americans have any conception and of Schumann-Heink's youthful and well-justified faith in her own genius make this biography especially interesting. "The Life of Houdini" by Harold Kellock and "Florence Nightingale, A Lost Commander" by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews reveal two picturesque, if widely contrasting, figures. "My Life Is in Your Hands" by Eddie Cantor, as told to David Freedman, proves anew that there is no story more interesting than that of the under-dog who wriggles, leaps, or fights free of his uncomfortable position. "Helldorado" by William Breakenridge presents a real sheriff who is just as entertaining as Messrs. Lasky's and De Mille's naive but somewhat limited creations. It is also the story of the transformation of the town of Tombstone under Breakenridge's regime. The fact that two elements are, in the case of biography, inextricably interwoven, brings us to a realization of the further fact that outstanding personalities are hardly distinguishable from their achievements.

Which is the more outstanding, Lindbergh or "We"? Among young readers personality is readily identified and merged with achievement; and, unless boys and girls are unusually analytical, their reading demands excursions into fields of achievement satisfied by the mass of adventure stories, real and imaginary, from Charles Boardman Hawes, Stevenson, Melville and Conrad, Howard Pyle, John Masefield and Dumas, to Lindbergh and Amelia Earhardt, Byrd, Beebe, Lawrence, and Count Luckner—to mention a few of the innumerable fascinating yarns of sea and under-sea, air, forest, and desert.

That mythical grown-up, whose existence is scouted by Mr. Whipple, was observed some two years ago, with the help of Clarence Day's drawing in his "Thoughts Without Words," wheeling a baby carriage. From its shelter a precocious being peered at the person wheeling it. Should this article not have succeeded in congenially linking those who are growing up with those who are presumed to have grown, I can only repeat Mr. Day's own immortal lines:

> Tender are a mother's dreams,
> But her babe's not what he seems.
> See him plotting in his mind
> To grow up some other kind!

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Negro Authors Must Eat

By GEORGE W. JACOBS

NOT long ago a Negro author addressed an audience of which I was a member. For no reason beyond the possible squeamishness of his own conscience, he apologized for certain unwholesome nuances in one of his latest works; and in doing so he uttered these three words: "Authors must eat."

My mind drifted back to the childhood of man. I gazed upon a hairy fellow poised upon a crag, playing a lute. Unconscious of an audience, oblivious of possible audiences, he played. For the moment he was enchanted by the sublime fact of nature. Suddenly the fellow stopped, leaped from the crag, and with his lute tucked under an arm raced toward a glade in the jungle where a dinosaur had just been slain. As the hunters hacked away at their respective portions of the kill, the lutist struck up a wanton tune that he had heard in a certain fancy cave. One of the hunters winked at him knowingly; then tossed him a luscious dinosaur ear. When the lutist had eaten, he trudged away in the direction of his crag. From time to time he held his lute up before his eyes, focusing upon it a gaze both apologetic and caressing. Finally he said in a tone of resignation not untinged with remorse: "Oh well, lutists must eat."

In spite of the efforts of the lecturer I remained unconvinced that even the Negro author is justified in burdening his interpretation of nature with the servilities of a steward. Other men have shunted the burden of their support into channels separate from their art. Aeschylus was a soldier and public official. Sophocles was a general and the commander of a fleet. Cervantes was a naval commissary and tax collector. Art to them was more than a mere purveyor of groceries. "The literature of a people," wrote Lowell, "should be the record of its joys and sorrows, its aspirations and its shortcomings, its wisdom and its folly, the confidant of its soul."

One of the opportunities which presented itself to the Negro writer at the close of the late war was that of destroying the racial stereotypes, the perpetuation of which now precludes the possibility of any immediate "literature of a people." Ten years ago the passion for a candid and comprehensive delineation of every phase of Negro life was such that the literate world clamored for the Negro of artistic ability as it had clamored at no previous time since the emancipation of the race. In response to those clamors, the Negro writers of New York, to whom I shall confine this discussion, plunged beneath the surface of their environment; they hoisted the sewer system to one's very nose and, amid the jingling of many shekels, insisted that this was all that there was of black Harlem.

Almost from the beginning certain white writers saw in the Negro writers' efforts to respond to these demands a politer form of amusement than that afforded by any of the Harlem night clubs. They trekked up to Harlem to show the little colored boys and girls the path to Parnassus; they redefined "the literature of a people" as "the record of a people's shortcomings and its follies." However, now that the clamors have become less insistent, one discovers with more regret than surprise that those Negro writers who had the privilege of being patronized along the way to Parnassus have ebbed with the tide of interest. Many of them had passionately and honestly sought escape through art. They found new shackles in artistic patronage. The public ceased to accept the summary disposal of two hundred thousand Harlem Negroes in the words: idiotic, amoral, hyper-sexual.

The present Negro fiction writers of Harlem fall into two general types. One type subscribes unapologetically to the sensational. The other type subscribes no less unapologetically to a solitary contemplation of a black savage dropped bodily into a white culture. The prostitute is the high priestess of the first type. Negro primitivism is the creed of the second. Extremists both.

Harry Hansen in reviewing Maxwell Bodenheim's "Georgie May" objected to the chief character on the ground that prostitutes as a whole are so free from inhibitions or nuances that their portrayal is unworthy of a writer capable of describing complex characters. There is merit in that criticism. Nevertheless, even among the Georgie Mays there are many individuals who, despite their flouting of conventional morality, possess personal codes of ethics, anti-social though they may be, which present a fascinating bundle of contradictions. If I object, then, to the role that the prostitute plays in latter-day fiction by Negroes, it is not on the ground that she lacks complexity of character, but on the ground that she is portrayed out of the depths of ignorance. She is, with scarce an exception, endowed with a physical hideousness, born of the ancient superstition that only the good should be presented as beautiful. She is endowed with a bestiality possible only to the vulgar rich.

Regarding the second type of Harlem fiction, this cult, like the harlotesque, was born along the path to Parnassus. One of the white apostles of the bizarre had chanced to see an "over-ginned" Negro girl "get loose" in a Harlem Honky Tonk. "What perfect abandon! How delightfully primitive!" that apostle had exclaimed. Once in Buffalo I saw a white woman similarly alcoholic and similarly voluptuous in her dancing. Somehow it never occurred to me that the woman might be anything other than pathetically drunk. This is no rash dismissal of all the primitivists as frauds. No doubt many of them are sincere. However, one does not go to pre-Druid England to delineate a Broadway character of English descent. Why, then, this insistence on returning to Africa to understand the Harlem black? I am not unmindful of the centuries which separate the white from pre-Druid England. I simply remind the reader that today, granted the same environmental conditions, the Harlem black and the Broadway white fit not dissimilarly into the mold of our mechanized American culture. This preoccupation with the primitive, therefore, belongs more properly to the fields of anthropology and archaeology than to fiction. It no more interprets Harlem than it does Broadway.

The sort of perspective I am advocating does not pay immediate dividends on the American mart. We must look for the Negro writer who is prepared to endure the rejection of his work long enough to starve the taste for sewer sensationalism and misguided primitivism. There are two women novelists in Harlem who are delightful exceptions to the prevailing vogue. Nella Larsen and Jessie Fauset have always had as their primary purpose the presentation of aes-

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thetic truth. We look cheerfully toward an increasing skill and vision in these writers; and toward novels which will augment that public in which their art has created "the willing suspension of disbelief."

The question of the immutability of the types which the Negro author is to use in portraying the lives of colored folk is of such magnitude that I am forced to consider evidence on the question. In an article in the *American Mercury* for December, 1928, by way of apology for this continuation of the stereotypes, James Weldon Johnson said: "It would be straining the credulity of white America to the breaking-point for a Negro writer to put out a novel dealing with the wealthy class of colored people." He continues: "American Negroes as heroes form no part of white America's concept of the race." Again, he says: "So that whenever an Aframerican writer addresses himself to white America and attempts to break away from or break through these conventions and limitations, he makes more than an ordinary demand upon his literary skill and power."

Granted. But tell me, of what use are creative powers that cannot meet this demand? A Flaubert could choose and reject, choose and reject, until he found the precise, the only word to express his exact meaning. An Ibsen could revise a play again and again until he achieved the perfection that his mind demanded. Are we concerned in this matter with artists—be those artists ever so embryonic—or are we concerned with plowboys who, though transplanted from clod to concrete, still plod on mentally behind their mules, remaining one with their mules, looking ever and only toward sundown, and food and beds of dry straw?

Negro authors, once they free their art of the necessity of furnishing the means of life, will drop the stereotypes into limbo with the assurance that real art will finally create in their readers a demand for honest treatment of every gradation of Negro life.

Labor, 1929

By McALISTER COLEMAN

Through the velvet, cool blackness of the mine
Of a sudden the cracking sound of a man-trap
Snapping shut its jaws,
And then the booming echoes of the fall.
In the working-place, the two miners stand up stiff,
Swing round, and walk to the entry.
Piled to the roof, the flung-down rock grins at them.
Behind them and all about, is leering coal.
Oh, they are caught all right.
Their eyes signal this acknowledgment in the dancing lights
from the pit-lamps in their caps.
But they are not hurt.
The sweat glistens cold on lunging muscles.
And, as yet, their bellies are full.

In the hotel room the union organizer calls for ice and
ginger ale,
Ruffles his cards through fat fingers, and grunts:
"I'll stand pat."

This Week

Millions of Words

NOT long ago a young man whose age is six presented me with a book—hand made, from illustrations to binding. Its back was sewed with darning wool; its pages were embellished with pictures, most of them originals in color, a few pasted inserts clipped from other publications. Around the pictures were pleasantly uneven margins, under them occasional very small spaces. The only thing the volume lacked was words. The book maker said rather nonchalantly as he handed it to me, "The bare places are for the stories." Until then I had not missed the stories.

This incident gave me new hope for the future of writing. The lack of words in this book was not due to any poverty of language in its creator; it was the result of something more fundamental in his training, something which seems to me, as I contemplate the flood of words that has poured over my various desks in the last twelve or fourteen years, both exciting and consoling. People are beginning to learn to express themselves in other mediums than language. Between modern psychology and modern education we are in process of developing a generation whose members may be able to struggle through life without writing a book, a poem, a letter to the *Times,* or even a true confession. They may model or paint or play harmonicas but at least they will not endlessly turn their emotional needs into words to be read by sorrowing, prematurely aging editors.

These observations are not intended to be humorous. The sources of the contributions that come into an editorial office and then go out again with slips attached must puzzle and distress every manuscript reader. The proportion of such offerings coming unsolicited from professional writers is so small as to be negligible. Most of them are the output of the eager amateur; and most of them are unusable, or, in the politer phrasing of the rejection slip, "not adapted to the particular needs of *The Trail-Blazer* at the present time." They are bad because the author does not know how to write; they are bad because he has nothing to say; they are bad because he has no idea what is suitable for magazine publication. They are, in short, bad in every way.

Some people write to make a living, but most people, including the professionals, write to get out of their systems thoughts and feelings that, left inside, produce uncomfortable ferments. Ghost-writers and publicity experts and advertising copy-writers and newspapermen on occasional dismal assignments are, perhaps, the only exceptions to this generalization. Many writers dread writing and find the process when they get at it painful and tedious; but they must write none the less, or else suffer a form of emotional indigestion even more distressing. The sorrowful fact, however, is that too many people who write have nothing but these dissatisfactions and discomforts to urge them on. And so editors' desks are always in a clutter. It would be easy to fall into madness thinking of the number of words that, in a year, flow endlessly past—now a thin stream, now a muddy, swollen spring flood, on and on, from the basket marked "To Read" to the pile decked with slips, never stopping as the days go by. . . .

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I have a solemn belief that modern education is going to check this dreadful disease. Words will still be spoken and set down in type, but they will not serve as the inevitable release for pent and distorted emotions. There will be other outlets. In modern schools children draw and dance and build and sing before they read. They freely handle edged tools long before they are encouraged to use written words. They deal easily, without self-consciousness or awkwardness, with forms of expression that most adults look upon as the sacred preserve of the professional. The idea that every one may—and can—write, while only a few marked artists may draw pictures has never occurred to these children. All creative processes are theirs from the beginning. They model furiously, they paint with lavish exuberance, they build with the fantastic imagination of a modernist architect. Is there any reason to fear that in later years they will all seize the dulled and overworked tool of words to open their emotional doors?

"When I grow up," said the young man who gave me the book, "I'm going to be a person that makes books. I'm going to paste them together and put the covers on and draw the pictures and fix them for people to write the stories in." This seemed to me a fine ambition; I even dared to hope that the stories, if they were written in at all, would be the work of some one with an equally specialized and professional bent. For there will be, in that day, so many other pleasant things besides writing to do for people who cannot write.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

The Mage of Darmstadt

Creative Understanding and *The Recovery of Truth.* By Hermann Keyserling. Harper and Brothers. $5 each.

HERMANN KEYSERLING is a count who has bounded down upon the world from those regions somewhere round the Baltic which once were Russia and now are a number of petty states. He has the distinction of having married into the family of Bismarck; he has written a book against feminism; and he has founded a school at Paradeplatz 2, Darmstadt, Germany. He has now produced two new volumes of wisdom, in either of which one is referred for fuller explanation to the other.

We start on our philosophical travels in these thousand pages with a lamentation over the bankruptcy and barbarism of our present civilization and its cult of "making all things easy." A gentle gloom pervades the scene reminiscent of that shed by the Very Reverend Ralph Inge—although the Dean of St. Paul's is, of course, a considerable scholar and a careful thinker. Perhaps because he has been infected by the disease of the age, the count has an easy way, when giving a citation, of saying "Villiers de l'Isle Adam (or was it Baudelaire?) dedicated," etc.; also the Greek spattered here and there has not always been rescued from the imaginative but misguided care of the printer. However, doubtless, "de minimis non curat." As the Count points out, all this collecting of facts and misguided accuracy is essentially servile; and, for the rest, one of the ills of the age is that there is far too much printed matter about anyway. All reviewers will agree.

The Count, however, is essentially a philosopher, not of pessimism, but of optimism. His references are chiefly to H. G. Wells (than whom one might do worse, indeed), Keyserling, Lao-tze, Lévy-Bruhl, Jung, and a few others—but especially Keyserling. The essence of the philosophy is one of artistic egoism "triumphing over destiny," reminiscent of Stirner, based upon the voluntarian philosophy of Leibniz. Like a new Joachim of Fiore, the Count announces "An Age of the Spirit"—an age of the perfectly creative and understanding man, a Buddha-Keyserling. It is very questionable whether, out of Leibniz or out of such an indeterminism as is today sponsored by Eddington, Keyserling can educe the philosophy which he wants. For the rest he seems to echo the conventional view of European culture which approaches philosophical questions on the assumption that these must be matters of a quest for eternal truths. Already, indeed, even in Europe, there has been a breakaway from this position, for example, with Croce's denial that there are any "fundamental problems" in philosophy or that it is for the philosopher to play the Buddha. On the contrary, the field of philosophy may be that of reflecting upon "history," the coordinating of activity to activity in the momentary present.

However, it is probably beside the mark to enter into minute metaphysical disquisition in discussing Count Keyserling's work and what the dustcover calls his "eternal problems in terms of the present age." While one is trying to accommodate Keyserling to Kant, one discovers that the Count himself has gone off to explain why the horoscopes of great men have so seldom been auspicious and, with much talk of Krishna by the way, to explain the doings of the Logos Spermatikos which especially moves round about Darmstadt. It is, however, comforting to learn that Herr Spengler (the head of the rival pessimistic school) is not the spermatic child of Goethe, although it is not clear from the text whether this be or be not in accordance with Buddha's Anatta theory. Anyhow, we had always hoped so.

A fifth (quite the most lucid) of one of the volumes is devoted to an explanation of the virtues of self-advertisement and—under the subtle and original chapter headings of Our Will and The Way—of the bearings of this upon the merits of the School of Wisdom at Paradeplatz 2. However, despite the Count's amazing effrontery and bad manners, it must be confessed that he occasionally enunciates truths which, if not new, are yet never old. Thus he quite rightly stresses the dangers of moral servility, and of lying in one's soul, and falsifying values in the interests, not of charity, but of politeness adulterated with timidity. "No ideal of freedom can be realized where men are of a servile spirit." His essential philosophy, however, which is the old one of self-expression (here called "unconditional creativeness") and sacred egoism—the philosophy of Alberti and, before him, to some extent, of the Cyrenaics—sometimes has rather startling results when applied to his "disciples." As the Count says, "What is required is to give from the pure subject, to the empiric good and the empiric evil that one does, a personally unmixed good meaning—and it thus becomes purely and solely good." Thus a certain proprietor of an advertising business consulted the head of the School of Wisdom about the morality of pushing, for the sake of a living, things in which he himself had no belief. The Count bade him, in the words of another great German, *pecca fortiter,* and then, when he had advanced to higher ranks in the trade, he would be able to encourage "a nobler outlook." "Whatever is done by men must be done from out of absolute personal conviction." We suspect that this Nicodemus went away less sad than most of those who asked for advice in the Gospels. But they have not too much respect in Darmstadt for the methods of Galilee—and, moreover, the Count's is the Philosophy of Optimism (see dustcover). We congratulate the enterprising Count on stating truths only too eternal in terms eminently modern. Our only complaint is that the same philosophy can be readily obtained, stated in simpler terms, on any bookstall for the price of one nickel. It should be added that these books have a beautiful binding.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

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The Country Editor Speaks

Hello Towns. By Sherwood Anderson. Horace Liveright. $3.

FOR ten or a dozen years Sherwood Anderson has been a major figure in what for want of a better word we may call American letters. He has been a writer with a vogue. His following has been among those who were low in spirits, down on their luck, grouched at the world—which has included in these years, speaking broadly, pretty nearly everyone in Christendom. Men in the mass probably get their philosophy from their conduct, and when they have been mean they are cynical. They think everybody has been mean. After the Western world had gone through the Great War, killing, lying, murdering, stealing, and everything, greatly to its own discredit, the Western world lost every sort of belief in the nobility of man; and having given up that, we lost faith in God, whatever He may be. We saw that man was a rattling good machine, that if you punched him here he would react there, and in a general way that accounted for everything that we could see in our philosophy—a philosophy like Horatio's which took stock only of "things in heaven and earth." Ours, for the time being, was the creed of the crap-shooter. We took a chance when we should have taken council. We read the stars and wept. And having nothing else to do we turned to Sherwood Anderson and psyched ourselves into his way of thinking; or perhaps he, being an artist, took the color of his environment. At least his mental slant conformed to our general idea about the cosmos, which was a low opinion due to the low-down character of our own behavior.

So out came one book after another from Mr. Anderson, exhibiting man as a mechanism about seven cuts below the angels, and we bought his books like hot-cakes. But man is funny. One of the semi-precious blessings of God is man's high-powered forgetter. And we began to forget how ornery and dirty and beastly we were in the war; indeed, as the decade grew old, we began to esteem ourselves a little. The bounce in man must be the despair of all the devils in hell and all the misanthropic philosophers on earth. For pretty soon, after man has done his dirtiest, he forgets how bad he was and begins to think how good he should be. Pretty soon he says: "Well, I'm not so rotten. Man after all walks on two feet. What's the matter with God, anyway? Life's a grand game. God's in his heaven, all's right with the world. Let's go . . ."

So at the end of the first decade after the war, humanity is beginning to perk up and is not so sure that Sherwood Anderson has established an important school of thought. Men are beginning to say: "Now you take that guy that was all the time talking about slimy conduct and writing books out of a maggoty mind. Nothing in it. This Sherwood Anderson has got to quit kicking *homo sapiens* around, or thumbs down for S. A." So off goes Sherwood Anderson to a little town down in Virginia and gets into the country-newspaper business. And now he comes back with a book that is pretty well tinctured with the philosophic doctrine that man, the proud biped who has sloughed off his tail, when you get right down to cases, is a good bet. His book, "Hello Towns," reveals Sherwood Anderson upholding the Western man's recrudescent philosophy. Soon Sherwood Anderson, mellowed in the woods, may be hitting the sawdust trail.

"Hello Towns" is a book made up of clippings from his country newspaper. These clippings might have been taken from any of a hundred American country newspapers. Kansas is full of newspapers that write their local items with this gaudy super-simple pose. When we can get a reporter on the *Gazette* who does it he is double starred. Ed Howe has had the same style for fifty years, and in the end it is the style which attracts the scissor-snippers of the great city papers who are filling that little column on the editorial page called Our Country Neighbors. Country-town people like to be gently guyed in this style, and country editors know it. Sherwood Anderson has done the job beautifully. But his work has no great distinction compared with that of many of his American fellow-editors in the little towns of the hinterland.

Apparently Mr. Anderson is a Kiwanian, or possibly a Lion. It would seem as though the Rotarians did not get down into his town. Probably his town is a shade small for Rotary. It would be comforting to see him sitting at the Kiwanian luncheon table singing "The more we get together the happier we'll be." But if he likes to sing he will enjoy it. The book indicates that he is lapping up life as a country editor and that he is getting closer to folks than he used to be and finding that they average up pretty well. Through the pages of his book move these kindly decent people of the country neighborhood. Some of the folks are successful. Some of the folks are subject to a discount of ninety and five and then are a loss when you have them on your hands. Some of the folks in "Hello Towns" are good outside and rotten within and others are rotten outside and good within. But the run of the mill is pretty good.

Mr. Anderson leaves the impression that he is a gay old dog, but probably he is not. Mostly when men pretend to be gay old dogs they are exhibiting their wishes rather than their deeds. Sheep-killing dogs don't carry much wool on their teeth. He says in the book one should never doubt the immorality of an author, but so long as he speaks of it, a reasonable doubt arises in his case. Maybe he's just bragging. Anyway this "Hello Towns" is a good enough book to go into a Sunday-school library. It is beautifully written, for certainly Sherwood Anderson jabs a mean typewriter keyboard. But the book as a book is wholesome with "nothing in it to offend the taste of the most fastidious," as the old minstrel bills used to say.

As America comes out of her decade of dirt and disillusion, this Dostoevsky of Winesburg, Ohio, this mid-American Chekhov suffers a sea change into something rich and strange. He emerges puffing and snorting out of the vasty deep with as gay and glad and good a book as Pollyanna ever read.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

More Injustice to India

Slaves of the Gods. By Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MISS KATHERINE MAYO has again outraged all sense of international courtesy and decency by publishing a second volume, illustrative of her former book, "Mother India," without any apology for the exaggerations and inaccuracies which have been pointed out in her former volume. It is difficult for those who do not know the tension under which India is passing to realize what infinite harm is being done by such gross breaches of racial good-will and understanding as this book represents. The nerves of India today are raw with insults and humiliations; and there is something cruel in the extreme in thus stabbing and wounding, over and over again, a sensitive people at such a time. Miss Mayo has done nothing whatever, practically and sympathetically, to prove her love for the people whom she wounds. The bitterness that these attacks are provoking has inevitably added to the estrangement between East and West. It has thrown back reforms that were equally needed in West and East: for neither people is now ready to listen to the other concerning things that are grievously wrong.

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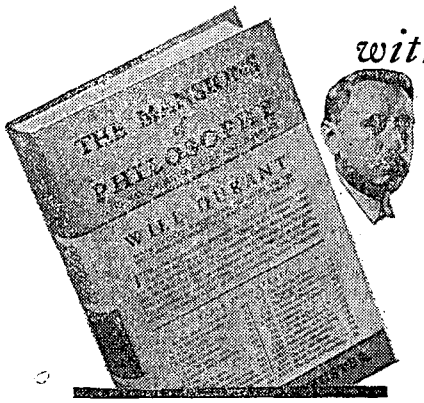

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TYPICAL EPIGRAMS *from* *THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY*

* * *

"Immorality is other people's morals." (*Page 112*)

* * *

"We do not doubt that some things are better done by instinct than by thought: perhaps it is wiser, in the presence of Cleopatra, to thirst like Anthony than to think like Caesar." (*Page 48*)

* * *

"Young women woo their foes with charms so generously shown that curiosity no longer lends its aid to matrimony." (*Page 111*)

* * *

"Picture old Socrates, unafraid of the sun or the stars, gayly corrupting young men and overturning governments; what would he have done to these bespectacled seedless philosophasters who now litter the court of the once great Queen?" (*Page 11*)

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HUMAN conduct and belief are now undergoing transformations profounder and more disturbing than any since the appearance of wealth and philosophy put an end to the traditional religion of the Greeks. The rate, complexity, and variety of change in our time are without precedent, even in Periclean days; all forms about us are altered, from the tools that complicate our toil, and the wheels that whirl us restlessly about the earth, to the innovations in our sexual relationships, and the hard disillusionment of our souls.

The passage from agriculture to industry, from the village to the town, and from the town to the city, has elevated science, debased art, liberated thought, ended monarchy and aristocracy, generated democracy and socialism, emancipated woman, disrupted marriage, broken down the old moral code, destroyed asceticism with luxuries, replaced Puritanism with Epicureanism, exalted excitement above content, made war less frequent and more terrible, taken from us many of our most cherished religious beliefs, and given us in exchange a mechanical and fatalistic philosophy of life. All things flow, and we are at a loss to find some mooring and stability in the flux.

From this confusion the one escape worthy of a mature mind is to rise out of the moment and the part, and contemplate the whole. What we have lost above all is total perspective. Life seems too intricate and mobile for us to grasp its unity and significance; we cease to be citizens and become only individuals; we have no purposes that look beyond our death; we are fragments of men, and nothing more. No one (except Spengler) dares today to survey life in its entirety; analysis leaps and synthesis lags; we fear the experts in every field, and keep ourselves, for safety's sake, lashed to our narrow specialties. Every one knows his part, but is ignorant of its meaning in the play. Life itself grows meaningless, and becomes empty just when it seemed most full.

Let us put aside our fear of inevitable error, and survey all the problems of our state, trying to see each part and problem in the light of the whole. We shall define philosophy as total perspective, as mind overspreading life and forging its chaos into unity. And since philosophy is for us no scholastic game played with dead concepts far from the interests of men and states, it shall here include, with no matter how little precedent, all problems that vitally affect the worth and significance of human life.

The general format of THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY is similar to that of THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY, but contains approximately 125 more pages. At all bookstores. $5.00.

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In this connection it is necessary to record a personal incident. An inaccuracy had crept into a criticism which I had made concerning Miss Mayo's previous book; and I immediately withdrew it. I went even further by publicly retracting a statement I had made ascribing a political motive to "Mother India." At the same time I asked her, on her part, publicly to withdraw a false statement about Rabindranath Tagore for which she had acknowledged to me that she had no authority whatever in his writings.

Let me explain. She had given what she declared was a quotation from Tagore about Ayurvedic medicine. Not only had the poet never made such a statement, but he had always held just the opposite opinion. I pointed out also that when quoting a passage from Tagore in another place, she had deliberately omitted the two words, "said India," which showed that the quotation was not his own. She had no excuse to offer for that omission.

She promised me that she would acknowledge the wrong that she had done to Tagore. I have not been able to see if any correction has been made in any new edition of "Mother India," but I had fully expected, after her promise to me, that she would express regret in the preface of her new book for having misrepresented one of the greatest social reformers in Modern India. Until she has openly acknowledged the wrong she had done, as an author, she should not be credited further by those who cannot check her statements.

At that same interview, I also pleaded with her most earnestly not to publish in book form the story called "The Widow," which I declared to be quite impossible concerning Mahatma Gandhi's followers. It was a cruel aspersion on the youth of Bengal. I give the passage verbatim as it appeared in her latest volume:

> "And what is this thou wearest, thou thing of foul omen!" cried one of the strangers, laying hold upon her garment. "A Manchester-made *sari*, by the gods!" "What is Manchester?" asked the widow. "It is my *sari*, the only one I have." "You must give it up, none the less, and let us burn it. Off with it! Quick!" And he wrenched at the cloth.
>
> But Sita clutched it tight about her, covering her face. "Who says I must take it off?" she panted.
>
> "Mahatma Gandhi."
>
> "Who is Mahatma Gandhi?"
>
> "He who can curse. And if you do not instantly give us your *sari*, cursed you shall be—"
>
> Sita stood dazed. According to the law of widows, she wore but one garment. To remove it were to strip herself naked before these men.
>
> "You will not? Then on your head be it!" cried the stranger. "Cursed you are, in the name of Mahatma Gandhi whose disciples we be. Cursed you are, with the curse of leprosy. It begins on your forehead, moving slowly, slowly, down your spine, eating, eating all your flesh away in sores. See! See! The marks are there, on your fingertips, now!"
>
> With a shriek Sita turned and fled into the hut, tore off her *sari* and threw it from the door into the stranger's hands. "Take back the curse! Take back the curse!" she screamed. But they, laughing, sped on their way.

In her introductory chapter Miss Mayo writes:

> The twelve narratives composing this book are not fiction, although cast in fiction form. *They are episodes taken from real life.* In each case they rest upon the direct, first-hand, and authoritative evidence of living persons. They belong to the present, not to the past, and *each little drama represents thousands of others today being lived in Hindu India. Their form is determined by the facts as they occurred, not by any rule of literary art. Their sole purpose is to restate some of the main points developed in "Mother India."* (The italics are mine.)

Lorna Doone Beers writes the Dutton Book of the Month for June

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I affirm without any hesitation that the "authority" on which she relies for these horrible details, as typical of Young Bengal, are as false as the authority she invoked for misrepresenting a great and noble Bengali like Tagore. I have lived for more than fifteen years among the villages of Bengal and was actually in those villages all through the Non-Cooperation Movement. I knew and heard most of what went on, as perhaps no other Englishman was able to know and hear. Therefore I challenge Miss Mayo to produce her evidence for that story and to name her authority. To say that it "represents thousands of others today being lived in Hindu India" is simply not the truth. For no one has done more to relieve the sorrows of widowhood in India than Mahatma Gandhi along with his disciples.

I have read through Miss Mayo's twelve stories with increasing indignation at their libelous character. To appeal at the end of them to the women of India is to appeal after prejudicing her whole case. No people have been more unsparing than Indians themselves in laying bare to the world their own shortcomings. But to take advantage of these outspoken utterances in order to document a series of lurid and sensational stories, with every false note jarring—as if this were the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—is a means of giving to those who innocently read them an entirely false impression, cruelly unjust to India and her long-suffering people.

C. F. ANDREWS

Russian Theory in the American Theater

Boris Aronson et l'Art du Théâtre. By Waldemar George. Editions du Chronique du Jour. Paris. 1928.

SCENIC design has been talked of for ten years as a new art and generally accepted as such. Nevertheless the pictorial methods used in modern stage settings are rarely new. Almost invariably their air of novelty results from transferring within the frame of the stage aesthetic points of view already accepted within the picture frame: the flat decorative brilliance of posters, the tonalities of Whistler's nocturnes, the chiaroscuro of Daumier, or the selective and suggestive realism of Degas's pastels and Lautrec's water-colors.

Not only do pictorial methods enter the theater ten or fifteen years after painters have invented them, but they persist there long after the reaction against them among painters has set in. Thus the dogmatic attack on realism, originally launched by the French cubists and Italian futurists in 1910, is still seeking theatrical forms at the moment when almost every important modernist beginning with Picasso has renounced the attempt. Theatrical experimentors have nevertheless felt, very rightly, that the stage has a separate aesthetic problem, that the fundamental values of the stage picture are architectonic, framing and limiting space through which human beings move, and that the basis of every stage picture is structural. This conviction combined with the popularly accepted theory among art critics of a decade ago, that realism was a dead art form unsuited to modern life, resulted in constructivism—the only genuinely novel form that the "new art of the theater" has known. It has received its greatest impetus from a group of Russian producers, such as Tairov, Wachtangov, and Meierhold, who saw in it a means of reconstructing the stage to express the new structure of society about them.

Boris Aronson, who emigrated to America in 1913, the subject of this superbly printed monograph containing thirty-two reproductions of his work, is a Russian, typical of a group of Soviet designers whose backgrounds and costumes have made

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the productions of the Kamerny and Habima theaters the center of excited discussion on their tours of European capitals. But his work remains as characteristically Russian as though it had been done for any one of a dozen Soviet playhouses, an exact counterpart in method and manner of Moscow's experiments. In fact, with the single exception of one setting done for Eva le Galliene, it has been done for our Yiddish theaters, Russian in tradition, whose directors echo the methods of the more celebrated Moscow *regisseurs*.

It has therefore remained an exotic and transplanted thing despite Aronson's technical proficiency, his intelligence, and his ingenuity. We do not breed the constructivist director as yet because we so rarely need him, nor are symbolic settings often relevant to the work of our most creative playwrights. They are, at present, with the exception of O'Neill, debunking the American scene as realists, substituting first-hand observation for our stock of inherited theatrical cliches and sentimentalities, and winning audiences to accept their findings, increasingly cynical and skeptical, as to what we are really like. As a nation, we are getting onto ourselves in the theater. The greatest progress in that direction is made by such popular plays as "What Price Glory," "The Silver Cord," "Holiday," or "The Front Page."

The process is not yet completed, as it was in Europe twenty years ago. Once we know ourselves, creative American playwrights will begin to ask what we can make of ourselves, will search for a synthesis of American life, and struggle to find symbols for it. In the meanwhile, I hope Aronson will be able to divest himself sufficiently of his Russian dogmas so that his undoubted talents can be more readily used to express the current realities of the American stage.

LEE SIMONSON

Civilization and Peace

The Essentials of Civilization. By Thomas Jesse Jones. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

The Politics of Peace. By Charles E. Martin. Stanford University Press. $4.

THESE two books belong together, partly because they deal with the basic problems of contemporary life in terms of social destiny, but mostly because they serve as excellent illustration of how to do and not to do a literary job. The question in both volumes is the same. Mr. Jones has attempted to answer it by retiring to seclusion and producing from his inner consciousness, as a spider produces his web from his bowels, an intricate pattern of theory to which he believes society must conform. Mr. Martin, per contra, has studied his world much as a surveyor studies the topography of a region through which a railroad is to be laid, and gives us a detailed report of all the factors and forces which enter into our problem of political progress and international accord. Here we have the theorist and the realist face to face—and the one brings us an array of pretentious futilities, and the other of carefully charted actualities.

It hurts to speak adversely of "Essentials of Civilization" since the book commands respect if only because of the sincerity of the author's purpose and the clarity of his mind. Mr. Jones is not guilty of wandering vaguely in the murky atmosphere of esoteric speculation; on the contrary, he has thought through his doctrine, and stated it with admirable precision. His argument is developed exactly like the first movement of a well-written symphony; it presents two striking themes, and then proceeds to work them out in interrelation one with another. Thus, at the start, he lays down his primary proposition, that there are four essentials of civilization—health and sanitation, appreciation of or successful adaptation to the ma-

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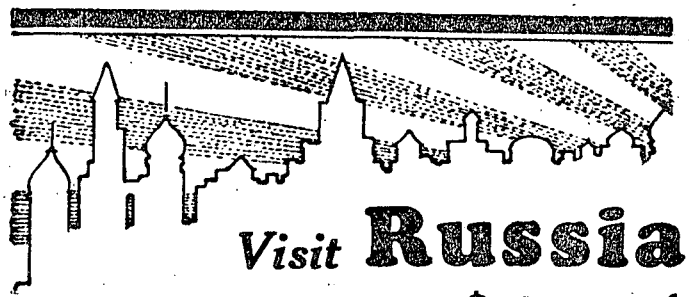

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terial and human elements of environment, conservation of the social heritage from one generation to another, and recreation, physical, mental, and spiritual. But society functions through organizations, and the author's second proposition is that these organizations, in the case of a civilized society, are six in number—"governmental, economic, educational, religious, philanthropic, and art." Then follows an extensive consideration, through six successive chapters, of the four "essentials of civilization" as "they have been actually realized, and as they should be realized, by each type of organization." At the end comes a chapter, the best in the book, on the Unity of Civilization, which appeals for a recognition and furthering of those "elements making for cohesiveness." Ways and means of developing a community consciousness, in the wider meaning of that phrase, are seen to be what is needed, if our confused and manifold Western life is to hold together.

All this seems clear—and completely commonplace. Does it need two hundred and fifty repetitious pages to tell us these familiar things? It is true that civilization is seeking health, control of environment, conservation of the social heritage, and recreation; and it is true that it is doing it through governments, economic groups, schools, churches, and so on. But what of it? Why has civilization failed in the past, and why is it failing today? What are the new and momentous factors of social experience by which we are now confronted? What new and distinctive types of social organization have we now got to work with? What is the specific nature of the world problem since the war? These questions are not answered, or even raised.

It is from this point of view that Mr. Martin's book, "The Politics of Peace," is so remarkable. Here is a man who is an idealist and at the same time a realist to the core. "This book," he writes, "has one clear aim. It endeavors to describe and appraise political institutions and practices in the light of their value to the new world order which is steadily assuming shape and vitality." The author wastes no time over the theoretical "essentials of civilization"; he lays down peace as "the world's greatest need" today, and proceeds to business. He dilly-dallies with no abstract entities called governmental, economic, educational, religious, philanthropic, and art organizations. Rather does he study concrete constitutionalism in the United States, England, and France; analyze, in terms of experience at this day and hour, the forces of individualism, collectivism, nationalism, imperialism, militarism, as at work in many countries and among many peoples; survey Bolshevism, Fascism, Americanization, Mexican nationalism, British imperialism, American imperialism in the Philippines, Latin America, and the Far East; study war in the light of the League of Nations, the mandate system, and the Briand-Kellogg pact; note the political and social trends of the time, and forecast the new tasks and new achievements of civilization. Every moment Mr. Martin's feet are on the earth still shaking with the after-tremors of the Great War. He is familiar with past history, and has at his immediate command the facts of international experience during the last ten years; he presents a mass of invaluable information, illumined by cogent analysis and interpretation; he faces always the actuality of situations, and of the forces at hand to deal with them; he insists upon showing us not an abstract world of speculative theory, but the concrete world in which living men are struggling at this hour.

I find plenty to quarrel with personally in Mr. Martin's book. The author is a socially-minded individualist, and I am a Socialist—and his description and evaluation of socialism had me belligerently excited most of the time. His chapter on Bolshevism struck me as inadequate and distorted—never once did it penetrate to the heart of that most amazing and baffling of contemporary phenomena. To consider India, as Mr. Martin does, with only the most casual reference to Gandhi,

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seemed to me as remarkable as to discuss the outlawry of war with no mention at all of S. O. Levinson. The distinction emphasized between the outlawry and the renunciation of war is artificial, and the confession that "wars will come again in spite of all we can do to prevent them" is appalling. We find at least one obvious error which should be corrected—the attribution to Lord Bryce (page 5) of Gladstone's famous statement about the American Constitution. But Mr. Martin's study of Fascism is admirable; his chapter on Mexico a clear and on the whole a just survey of a highly complicated problem; his story of American imperialism, the best we have seen; his analysis and defense of the Briand-Kellogg treaty, almost wholly excellent; and his closing chapter on the New Internationalism, a masterpiece of constructive thinking. We have here from the standpoint both of information and analytical interpretation a book of the first order of importance in the field of contemporary political thought. Mr. Martin has an amazing command of facts; a mind which strives desperately hard, in an atmosphere still heavy with prejudices and hates, to be wholly fair; an ardent and idealistic passion for a civilization of durable peace and order, with freedom for all mankind; and a resolute realistic determination to find the way to this high end if it be possible. Agree or disagree as one may with this page or that, the work as a whole challenges admiration and gratitude. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Greece and Its Islands

I Discover Greece. By Harry A. Franck. The Century Company. $4.

Home of Nymphs and Vampires: The Isles of Greece. By George Horton. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

TO jump into a large, shaky automobile bus driven by a man who used to own a poolroom in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and ride twenty-five miles from Athens to the battlefield of Marathon; to approach the Acropolis, and see through its entrance gate perhaps the most perfect blue sky in the world; to see Gillette safety razors advertised throughout Greece; to hear the president of the League of Greek Women for Women's Rights say that one aim of the league is "equal pay for equal work"; to stumble on to archaeological remains at most unexpected turns; to see boys at a movie theater in Sparta hold their sides because Charlie Chaplin gets the old ladies at a Colorado health resort drunk—these are some of the things it may mean to travel through Greece. If you look about you as you go, and do not go too fast, you will realize that a Westernizing process is going on that is engulfing every part of life—and that is changing Greece rapidly.

About this you will be able to do nothing except ponder. And perhaps it will not seem so terrible to you. For one result, you will learn, is that *approximately the whole of ancient Athens* is at last going to be excavated; very little of it has been excavated so far.

Mr. Franck, in his book, tells a lot about Greece, all in all, but he tells it at times in the manner of a Baedeker and at times in a diary-like form that is not exciting. Unfortunately, he is a professional traveler who rushes around a country pretty thoroughly and then writes a book about it; to judge from his list, he is covering the world. Well, to travel on that scale and still be able to write interestingly about the places you see, is a big job; and Mr. Franck does not seem to be up to it.

Mr. Horton has written an entirely different kind of volume. For many years he was United States consul at different Greek cities and elsewhere in the Balkans, and he has a profound, long-continued, and scholar's interest in both modern and ancient life among the Greek islands. Into this volume he has gathered folk-lore, legends, proverbs, fairy tales, and archaeological comment and sidelights—much of it taken from the mouths of living Greeks as he roamed the islands. The attempt in chapter ten to pick out the threads of truth in the story of Theseus and his killing of the Minotaur on Crete is very readable. On the whole, however, Mr. Horton's book presupposes considerable interest in the subject he deals with.

WINTHROP D. LANE

Travel Betrays the Man

Days in the Sun. By Martin Andersen Nexö. Coward-McCann. $3.

On Mediterranean Shores. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

Other Ways and Other Flesh. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

IT is a curious fact that the travel books of a well-known author frequently reveal more about the writer than they do about his subject. In his novels or his biographies he may keep himself out of sight, may be the detached artist and conceal the man. But let him travel and he is betrayed. He becomes one with every student who can scrape together the money for a third-class ticket to Southampton. His observations are just as personal, his information just as much shaped by his own cast of mind. By his account of his travels you may know the man just as surely as you can recognize your neighbors in their descriptions of Paris.

So it was with Martin Andersen Nexö when he went to Spain and wrote a book about it. Published first in Denmark in 1903, "Days in the Sun" has just been translated into English, and is issued here without any warning as to the age of its contents. The book is in no sense a guide to places, people, or understanding of the country. It is full of dubious generalities, and many of its facts have, by the passage of time, become fiction. He who reads it will learn a little about Andalusia and much about Martin Andersen Nexö.

"Can a gray, misty, drizzly-cold Northerner ever come to understand the Andalusian temperament?" he asks, and in his own answer lies the keynote of the book. "I hardly think so. It may infect him or carry him away with it; he may stagger about like a new-born calf, finally tumbling to the ground; he may suffer sunstroke and become half-witted; but the ecstasy of the sun will remain strange to him."

With this handicap of felt foreignness, he wrote of southern Spain in the terms in which, fourteen years later, he described the slumbs of Copenhagen. The book is a much younger effort than is "Pelle the Conqueror," yet it shows many of the characteristics that made "Pelle" one of the great realistic novels of its day. Its author had the same powerful sense of drama which he was later to learn to organize. He had the same keen eye for human suffering. He pounced on warts and boils and pockmarks with the same enraged delight. He might miss the translucent depth of a woman's eye, but he would see the pimple beside it. If he noted beauty in passing it was with a grudging pen, as though it hurt him. Ugliness he could handle, could analyze, dissect, label, insisting on its grim details until his audience surrendered to his power. So he pictures an Andalusia that no tourist would brave, a violent, diseased country full of filth and beggars. It is a land seen through the abnormally sharp eyes of a man who is over-sensitive, irritable, unsure of himself, dazzled by sunshine, confused by the laughter and the life of a people utterly alien to his spirit and his intellect. To anyone who knows many-sided Spain, the

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book becomes a spiritual autobiography of its Danish author.

"On Mediterranean Shores" is somewhat less revealing, perhaps because Emil Ludwig is more suave, more a man of the world, and therefore more able to conceal his true opinions. He has written a collection of sketches, impressions, articles, about towns and countries that border on the Mediterranean. A detached Olympian, he appears on Capri, makes a grave reverence toward Paestum, and sails into the harbor of Palermo shaking a disapproving finger at "guilds, associations, and other matters sociological" which "cannot fail, by grouping people in herds, to deaden the soul." He looks kindly on Byzantium from an airplane and again from a captive balloon. He pays his respects to the Sphinx. He puts into the mouth of Scheherezade a tale which, had she told it to the Sultan who refused to be bored, would certainly have been her last. On the few occasions when it ceases to be pretentious the book is interesting. The Assouan Dam, Zionist progress in Palestine, the characteristics of modern Greece, are all sufficiently alive to stir Ludwig to enthusiasm.

Three of the German author's books are on the best-seller list at the present moment. Someone who does not like him suggested that the reason for such popularity lay in the fact that he ministered to the snob impulses of the reading public. Hearing him praised by intellectuals, they dutifully sampled him, and were flattered to find that they could understand him. Thereby they rose in their own esteem, and were correspondingly eager for his next book. "On Mediterranean Shores" will probably keep them busy while he dashes off a new biography (new settings, new scenery, new choruses) of Jehovah or someone.

"Other Ways and Other Flesh" is unassuming and unpretentious. Edith O'Shaughnessy tells very simply of a Tyrolese village in which she spent many months over a series of years. Time does not touch Rankweil, modernity neither softens nor gilds it. Work is just as hard, cold and disease just as unrelenting, faith as firm as for hundreds of years. It is a lost and backward settlement, which lives neither by sanitation nor by labor-saving devices, but the author finds in it peace and somber beauty.

MILDRED ADAMS

Books in Brief

The Mission of Greece. By R. W. Livingstone. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Meaty, reliable, entertaining, this collection from the great Graeco-Roman writers of the post-classical period is third in series of the same author's "The Legacy of Greece" (essays by various authorities), and "The Pageant of Greece" (excerpts from the greater Greeks of the Periclean and Homeric ages). The explanatory passages present a world strikingly similar to our own, and Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Plutarch at least offer and Lucian answers to questions which are being asked today. One of the foremost living Hellenists of the English-speaking world here makes his learning accessible to the interested reader. The work is its own best praise.

The Book of Monelle. By Marcel Schwob. Translated by William Brown Meloney V. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

In the preface to this volume John Erskine adds his appreciation to the praise which Anatole France and Maeterlinck, Stevenson, Meredith, Henley, and many others felt was due the exotic and erudite genius, but Mr. Erskine, like his predecessors, cannot communicate any great enthusiasm for the work. Schwob's writing is too subtle and too sophisticated to be generally popular. Even those who derive great pleasure from it often find it obscure and occasionally cannot help thinking it inane. In rendering French precision into English simplicity, Mr. Meloney has emphasized the latter characteristic.

Purzelchen. Ein Roman von Jugend, Tugend und neuen Tänzen. Von Hermann Sudermann. J. G. Cott'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger, Stuttgart.

A young woman character in Sudermann's last novel remarks on one of the early pages: "I feel like Sudermann's Magda, who as you have often told me, Mamma, was so famous in your youth." The pathos of Sudermann's old age was just this fact that he had been famous in his youth. "Purzelchen," ostensibly a story of present-day Berlin and its free-loving younger generation, is largely a warmed-over novelized version of "Die Ehre" and "Heimat." Sudermann's idea for a novel was always to add a pinch of Bohemian audacity to a mid-nineteenth-century recipe. "Purzelchen" has an ending which would have pleased Mary Jane Holmes. The plump, generous little heroine might fittingly have brightened the pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal,* were it not for the trifling circumstance that she has the morals of a Messalina.

Earthbound and Other Poems. By Helene Mullins. Harper and Brothers. $2.

Miss Mullins is something rather rare in poetry these days, being both intelligent and tuneful. Most of our intelligent poets are dry, and most of our sweet singers are silly. Miss Mullins has gained a wide following over the country by being at the same time simple, musical, and interesting. She falls naturally into a kind of Irish melancholy, whence she escapes occasionally into the welcome world of wit. Her only defect is diffuseness, which shows itself too often in little pools of prose shining through the winter branches of her somewhat tenuous verse.

The Garment of Praise: The Necessity for Poetry. By Eleanor Carroll Chilton and Herbert Agar. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

The romantic theory of poetry, according to which the poet becomes a seer, a prophet, a critic of life, a discoverer of reality, or what you will, runs into its shallows here, where our authors with much parade and pomp demonstrate that poetry is the product of "spiritual thought" as contrasted with "intellectual thought"—and, being that, is just what we need today in order to know the "meaning" of life. No book could better prove the futility of the romantic position today. The authors, who really do little more than dilute Matthew Arnold's essay on the study of poetry, woefully misunderstand poets like Chaucer, Pope, and T. S. Eliot, who do not fit their picture. And they throw the word "spirit" around with shameful familiarity. Mr. Eliot a few years ago was nearer right when he said: "The spirit killeth, the letter giveth life."

Hedylus. By H. D. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

"H. D.'s" second novel is so desperate in its ideality—Hedyle of Athens lives with the body of one man so that she can love the spirit of another—and so precious in its prose that it will find few readers. But those who do read it will be rewarded by knowledge of a distinguished poet turned exquisite novelist. At best a cold and beautiful curiosity.

The Novelist of Vermont. The Life of Daniel Pierce Thompson. By John E. Flitcroft. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

Mr. Flitcroft has scraped together the few facts available concerning the author of "The Green Mountain Boys" and "Locke Amsden." The picture of a rustic lawyer who had undeniable gifts in fiction is interesting, and Mr. Flitcroft does not overdraw it; it is unfortunate, however, that he does not

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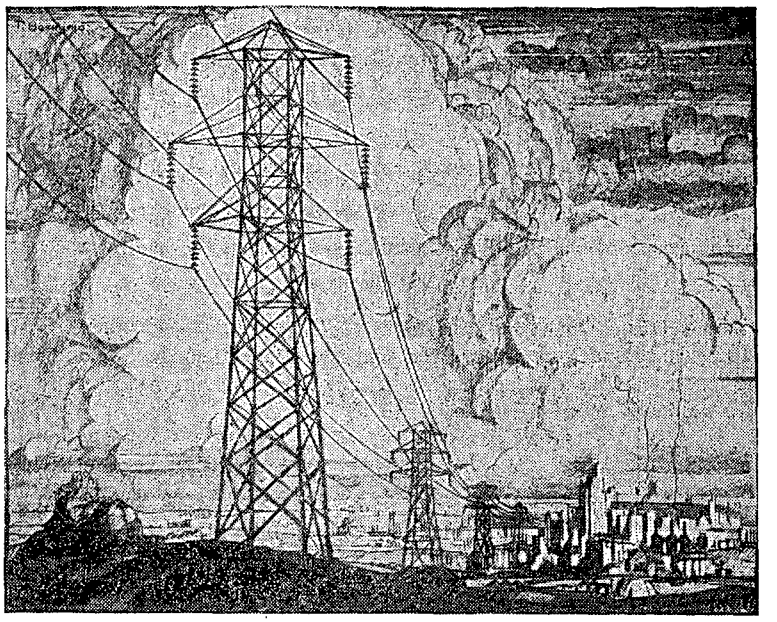

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resist his temptation, only too natural in a candidate for the Ph.D., to remark that Thompson would have been a better writer had he taken a course in freshman English. Thompson's unfinished novel, "The Honest Lawyer," is printed from manuscript in the second half of the book.

Ancient Chinese Political Theories. By Kuo-cheng Wu. Shanghai: The Commercial Press, Ltd. $2.

In this Princeton doctor's thesis Dr. Wu analyzes the political philosophy of the pre-Christian Chinese sages. Recent investigations have cast doubt upon the authenticity of many of the earlier documents which Dr. Wu has studied; Chinese history no longer seems to cover more than two thousand years B. C. But his comparison of Lao-tze and the aloof Taoists with the legalists, with the gentle Mo-ti, and with Confucian thought is valuable.

Music

The Bach Festival

THE Bach Choir of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, on May 10 and 11 gave its twenty-third festival under the direction of Dr. J. Fred Wolle. In the more than thirty years of its existence (always under Dr. Wolle) the choir has sung only Bach, and chiefly Bach's most complicated and massive choral works. It is still possible for the musical pilgrim to sense the community out of which this remarkable folk expression has burgeoned. Yearly, concrete viaducts, sulphurous blast-furnaces, and fifteen-story hotels complete down to coffee shoppes encroach upon it; but a turn around the corner brings one still to Moravian brethren's and sisters' houses (reminders of one of America's earliest communistic experiments); stone barns with the typical Pennsylvania overhanging second story; and the undercurrent of Pennsylvania Dutch which flows agreeably down the placid Lehigh Valley.

For the twenty-third time the choir gave its tremendously powerful and richly conceived performances of the stupendous Mass in B-Minor. This year Dr. Wolle chose for his other concerts the St. Matthew Passion Music, in honor of the two-hundredth anniversary of its first performance on Good Friday, 1729. Curiously enough this was also the one-hundredth anniversary of its "revival" by Mendelssohn which first lifted Bach from the position of an interesting local tradition at Leipzig. It seems not inappropriate to consider for a moment the circumstances surrounding the performance of 1729—though the reader will be left to draw his own moral (if any). It was in 1730 that Bach presented to the municipal council "a few impartial reflections on . . . [the] present state of decay" of Leipzig church music: of the fifty-five endowed scholars at Bach's command for the musical services in four churches, seventeen are "useless." Bach pleads earnestly that he be allotted at least four singers for each of the four voices in addition to twenty essential instrumentalists. The "reflections" apparently went the way of most petitions by "art artists" to municipal councils.

These historical notes seem to me the most astonishing tribute to the superb inner organization of these choral works. Today we hear them majestically given forth by choruses of three hundred, with orchestras of a hundred and supplementary choirs; yet they were written with no prospect of performance other than by a few half-trained boys. On the other hand, it is worth the attention of present-day conductors that Bach desired five instrumentalists to four singers, instead of the current opposite ratio of four to one. In short, the orchestra was in no sense an accompaniment; it carried essential voices of the polyphony. This is particularly apparent in the passages marked "arias" in the Passion Music. These lose their meaning if used to exploit a solo singer; they are really duets for voice and instrument.

Dr. Wolle in considerable measure reproduces Bach's original spirit by his reluctance to play up the soloist. Ernestine Eberhard, a member of the choir, sang the soprano airs in the Passion Music as creditably as the professional tenor and semi-professional bass. In the Mass, however, where Dr. Wolle causes the airs to be sung by the corps of the choir, the formula which worked for Bach's three basses stiffens for Dr. Wolle's sixty. The phrasing is beautifully modeled and shows remarkable training, but there simply cannot be the necessary flexibility.

It is always interesting to observe the powerful and direct emotional impact upon even the musically unlearned of the sometimes portentous structures of Bach; it seems no sufficient explanation to say that this helter-skelter generation finds refuge in Bach's magnificent formalism. I note here merely that each of the most elaborate choruses in the Passion Music is woven about a sturdy Lutheran hymn of the fifteenth to seventeenth centuries—in fact, one such chorale (one of Bach's favorites) appears five times in the work in different treatments. Can it be that our supposedly godless sophisticates are captured by the pious Cantor's epic crystallization of the simple, fervent religious expression of a group otherwise not particularly sensitive aesthetically? Again the reader will have to draw his own moral.

CHARLES S. ASCHER

Contributors to This Issue

KARL F. GEISER, professor of political science at Oberlin College, is at present in Germany.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

ROBERT L. CRUDEN is a college student who has worked in many automobile factories.

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ELLEN N. LA MOTTE is the author of "The Opium Monopoly."

PAUL JOHNSTON is an artist and typographer who has long been engaged in the publication and designing of fine books.

LILIAN WHITE SPENCER has written a great many poems based on Indian life.

SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH has been for three years chairman of the Horace Mann School Book Committee.

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CHARLES S. ASCHER has reviewed the Bach Festival for *The Nation* for several years.

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